

**GEORGE BUSH:
THE LAUNCH**
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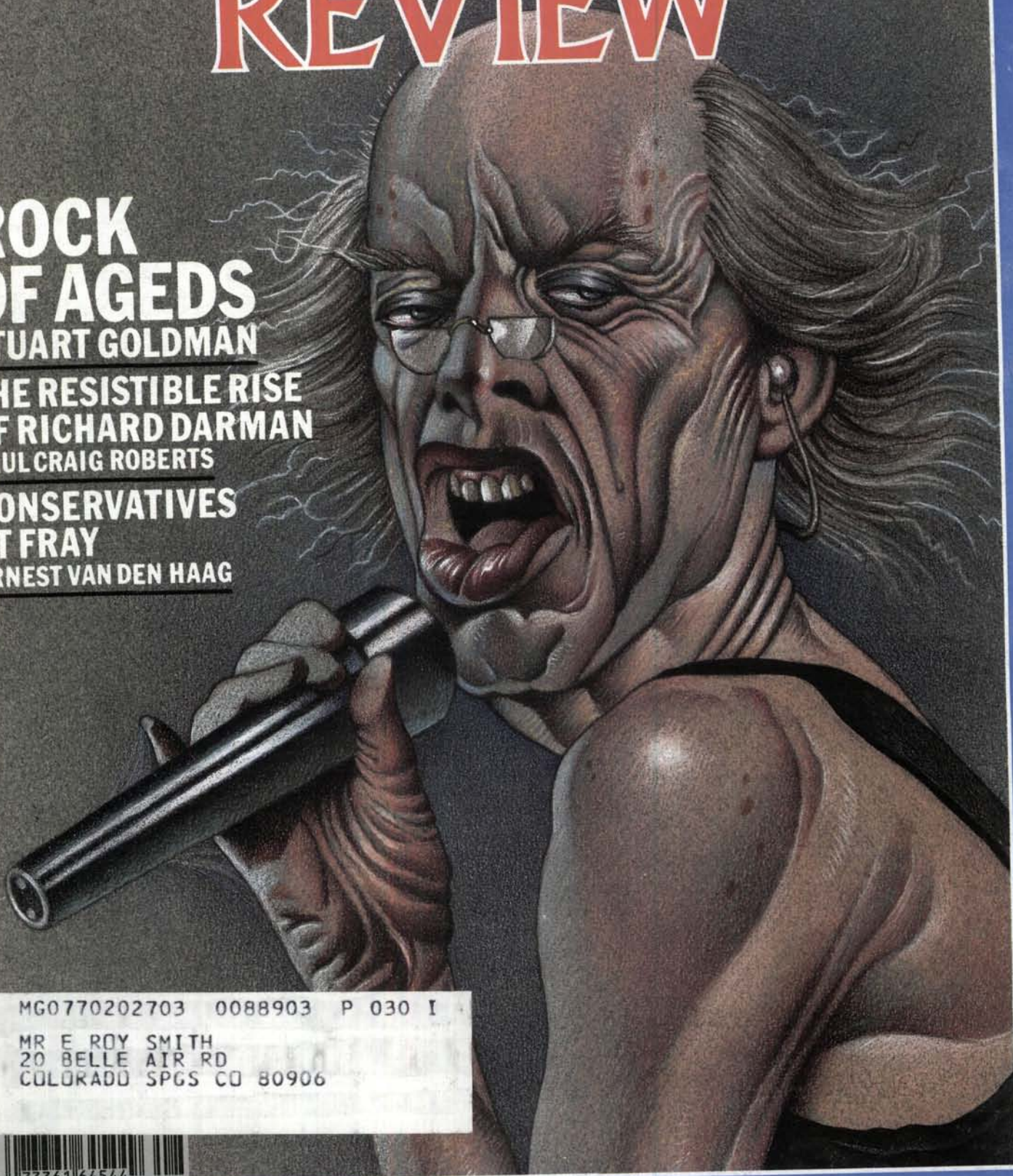
FEBRUARY 24, 1989 \$1.95

NATIONAL REVIEW

**ROCK
OF AGEDS**
STUART GOLDMAN

**THE RESISTIBLE RISE
OF RICHARD DARMAN**
PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS

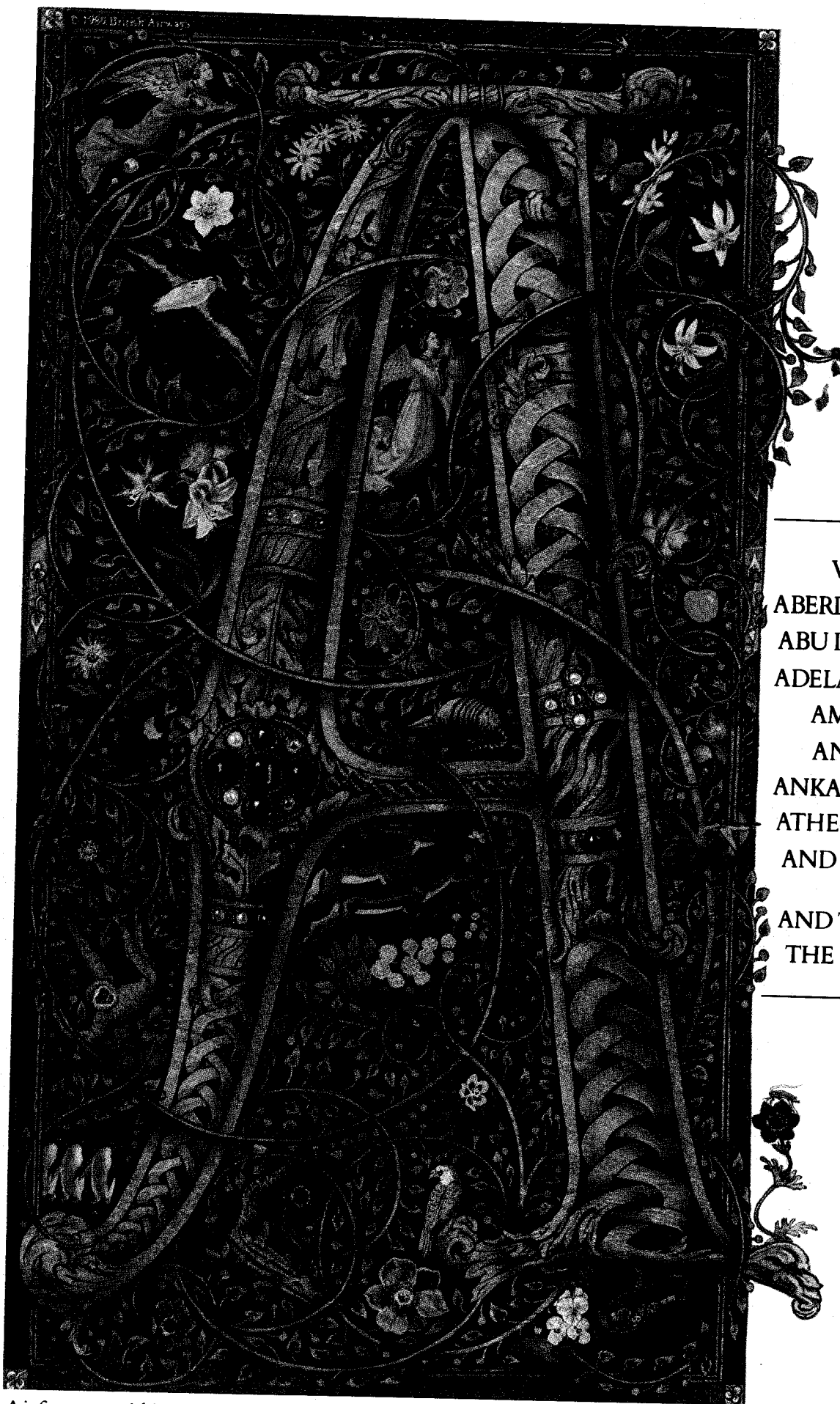
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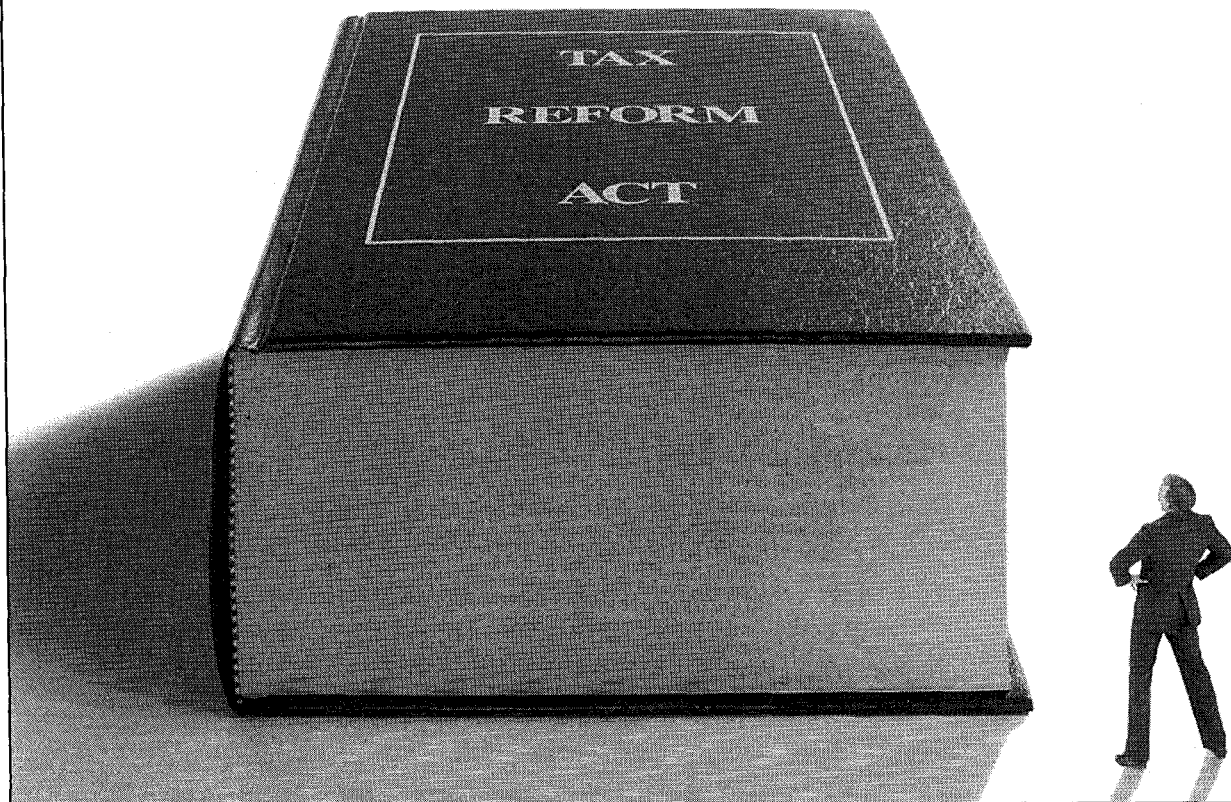
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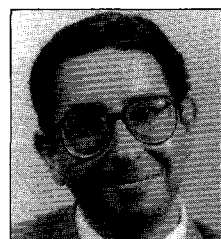
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YOU WILL FIND THE IRONY TOUCHING. The largest mammal on land. A titan tough enough to survive since the last Ice Age now is one of the most vulnerable creatures on earth.

And man's treatment of the elephant is a study in breathtaking contrasts.

But a growing understanding of the elephant and our confused relationship will actually help manage and protect these giants.

Plus offer real hope for other species.

UNDERSTANDING THIS GIANT COULD DETERMINE ITS FUTURE.

ARE ELEPHANTS DESTINED TO BECOME DINOSAURS?

Friend and Foe.

How the elephant is treated depends on where the elephant is living.

It is an official national treasure of Sri Lanka. In Thailand, it has been tied to national history and culture for 800 years.

Yet the impact of human numbers has decimated the elephant. Creating direct competition with elephants over resources.

Unfortunately, elephant survival is also decided by humankind's desire for luxury items.

Namely, ivory.

Understanding Their Behavior to Change Ours.

Elephants lead fascinating, particularly social lives. They make sacrifices for one another. They hold together in tight family structures.

And they exhibit human-like emotions, becoming extremely distressed when left on their own. Experiencing fear and confusion when relocated.

But perhaps most intriguing is their obsession with touching and smelling the remains of their dead.

An act interpreted by some as an attempt to identify the dead. An implication that within an elephant's brain lies an awareness of death.

Rock-And-Roll to Relocation.

Living in harmony with elephants and managing their numbers have long been challenging experiences for man.

Villagers have attempted to scare off ele-

phants by burning tires and blaring rock-and-roll music. Fortunately, such efforts have given way to more sensible solutions.

Wildlife preserves and selective relocations. Projects and studies by governments and researchers.

But there are no definite answers now. In much of southern Africa, elephants are protected in national parks, but their numbers often become too great. And, some say, herds must be culled. In other areas, the situation is truly deteriorating.

Elephants on the Horizon.

Understanding nature. Respecting the environment and managing our resources.

These ideals may provide us the wisdom to help the magnificent elephant and many other creatures thrive.

The people of Chevron are sensitive to that fact and strongly support such values and efforts. Working with the Institute for Resource Management, The Nature Conservancy,

The World Wildlife Fund. And now, a new National Geographic Special on Public Television. Elephant.

Produced by the National Geographic Society and WOED/Pittsburgh. Underwritten by the people of Chevron.

It airs Wednesday, February 15th. Be sure to check your listings for show times on PBS.

Then, sit back and let earth's largest land mammal charge into your homes. And hearts.

Do people search for ways to understand nature no matter how big the challenge?

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LETTERS

Quayle-Hunting Guide

"The Social Climber's Guide to Washington" [Feb. 10] presents an excellent perspective on the forces shaping American politics over the next eight years. As we have seen, the Bushes thrive within the bounds of Route 495. They play perfectly the game of "unofficial" Washington, defined as "pragmatic." George and "the silver fox" are exceptional Republicans.

In this context, it is revealing that Bush has chosen to make a frontal assault on unofficial Washington with his choice of Dan and Marilyn Quayle as the Second Family. Dan Quayle was a hard-working and well-regarded senator. He so much respects the Protestant work ethic that he married the daughter of two doctors. As for Marilyn Quayle, she is starting to play the game, having announced her plans to seek employment with a Washington law firm. But even if she wanted to make her name socially arresting, she has a *y* that cannot, practically speaking, be deleted.

Had your Guide been published six months ago, we might have better understood the unofficials' frenzied attack on the vice-presidential nominee. We would have understood why a cunning journalist in search of a scoop needed to embarrass President Reagan by asking why the Quayles were not coming to dinner with Margaret Thatcher, when the answer had already been published in the *Washington Post*. We would have understood why the *Post* exploited to the hilt tabloid tactics in reporting on the Quayles' ski vacation.

It is fortunate that a veteran is in control of the Beltway Game. Dan Quayle is not an orator of Aristotelian proportions, nor could he mistake the "first phalanx of reporters" for his "old graduate students," as Jeane Kirkpatrick and William Bennett could. And he certainly could not "handle them." He was elected Vice President because he is hard-working and capable, not for his ability to ride the Washington rollercoaster.

Allen Randolph
Inside the Beltway

Restoring Credibility

By referring to "the destruction of Arthur Jensen's professional reputation" in his review of *The IQ Controversy: The Media and Public Policy* [Nov. 7], Terry

Teachout may have conveyed an erroneous impression. While the cost of bucking a liberal orthodoxy is indeed high, a tenured expert with courage can survive and even prove to be a formidable adversary. Jensen is highly respected among his scientific peers.

For evidence I point to two recent developments. First, Jensen was one of only five distinguished psychologists chosen for inclusion in a five-volume series assessing the scientific contributions of outstanding but controversial figures (*Arthur Jensen: Consensus and Controversy*, edited by Sohan and Celia Modgil, Falmer Press, 1987). Second, in recognition of his exceptional achievements, Jensen was elevated to the highest pay category at UC Berkeley last year.

Much credit for acknowledging Jensen's quality must go to Berkeley's dean of education, Bernard R. Gifford, at whose insistence the pay raise went through. Since Gifford happens to be black, this may well qualify as the classiest academic decision of the decade. Certainly Dean Gifford's act of leadership stands in stark contrast to one of the decade's shabbier deeds, at the City College of New York. The black president there, Bernard W. Harleston, a psychologist, is evidently exploring ways to fire philosophy professor Michael Levin, whom he has already unofficially suspended from teaching required undergraduate classes, for having the temerity to mention the average black-white intelligence difference in a book review published in Australia! Against a background in which such petty academic tyrannizing is the rule rather than the exception, the tangible signs of Jensen's scientific reputation speak for themselves.

Robert A. Gordon
Professor of Sociology
Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, Md.

The Social-Security Fraud

Your December 9 issue carried a vicious attack on the elderly by Neal Freeman, under the tasteless heading, "Old People's Power." It was riddled with statistical abuses and distortions of fact, surprising and disappointing in the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW. Among the worst was: "The average [Social Security] beneficiary receives . . . a full payback of contributions and interest in 21 months.

After that, he's on us. He's on welfare." I am now 65 and drawing Social Security. If that characterization of Social Security recipients is intended to include me or millions like me it is a blatant lie.

My contributions and my employers', plus interest, in 41 years (1948-1988) total more than \$200,000. At a 10 per cent rate of return on investment for the future, I could draw more than \$20,000 per year for the rest of my life and still have the principal of \$200,000 to leave to my children.

Unfortunately, the government squandered the \$200,000 investment I had been led to believe was to supplement my retirement. The rules changed. Now the \$10,000 per year for which I am eligible is doled out with punitive strings attached. If I attempt, before I reach seventy, to supplement my income by more than \$8,800 a year, I will be penalized. Of every dollar earned over the limit, I will be allowed to keep about 15 cents. Fifty cents of every dollar earned over \$8,800 will be deducted from my Social Security benefit. I will pay 14 per cent of my total earnings in continuing Social Security taxes. I will pay a surcharge of 15 per cent on my federal-income-tax liability to subsidize the new Medicare catastrophic insurance—and of course I will still be liable for the full federal tax on all taxable income.

Our government refuses to acknowledge that people like myself have any vested right in Social Security. In addition, it deliberately deprives me of the opportunity to improve my financial position by the astronomical tax on earnings between ages 65 and seventy. I can't even guard against the possibility that Social Security will be reduced to a welfare program, as Mr. Freeman recommends. If that attitude prevails and runs true to form, we will then be expected to exhaust our assets and be reduced to poverty in order to be eligible for a government dole called Social Security—all that, after we have been defrauded of a \$200,000 invest-

ment, made in good faith for the past 41 years!

Eugene O. Goeb
Wheaton, Ill.

The response to my piece about the AARP has confirmed my analysis that it's now the most potent lobby in national politics: I have received dozens of media invitations, all of them prompted by articulate, combat-ready members. Most of these designated hitters are as atypical as Mr. Goeb; that is to say, they have made payments to Social Security accounts for many years and have just now begun to draw benefits. My point, of course, was not that net contributors to the system did not exist, but rather that, on average, beneficiaries withdraw much more than they have contributed and that, consequently, the generational pendulum has swung too far away from young people. For those interested in pursuing the subject in statistical and analytical depth, I recommend the excellent new book by Peter G. Peterson and Neil Howe, On Borrowed Time: How the Growth in Entitlement Spending Threatens America's Future. —NBF

From Australia with Spite

Far be it from me to idly "castigate," as she supposes, Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington's teeth ["Patron Saint of the Painted Word," Dec. 9]. The point lay in the next sentence of my review for *Time*, which she did not quote: that the pristine condition of these choppers was remarkable "since she has bitten off so much more than she can chew."

Of course Mrs. Huffington believes her lousy reviews in England, Europe, and the U.S. were prompted by "fear" among critics who, clinging to Picasso as their "idol," see their treasured cultural and ethical priorities swept away by her prose. What else could her self-esteem let her think?

In fact, nobody of sense thinks Picasso was a god. Certainly I don't, as the record of my writing will show. But he was an artist of great importance, whose life and work deserve better biographers than this Barbara Cartland of Santa Barbara. *Picasso: Creator and Destroyer* was superficially researched, ill-written, naïve in its aesthetic judgments, and sodden with tendentious moralizing. It bore no sign that its author has looked closely—or, most of the time, looked at all—at Picasso's work. She has little sense of how to read paintings. Of the history of twentieth-century art, she seems no better informed than the average American sophomore.

When such a turkey waddles into

view, preceded by such drumming from its flacks, it seems a pity not to blow its feathers off. That, not "fear," is why Mrs. Huffington's book was so ridiculed. Its author's present complaints—like her non-sequiturs about the S&M habits of the repulsive Andrew Crispo, as though these were somehow part and parcel of late Modernism—cannot resuscitate it.

Robert Hughes
New York, N.Y.

Mrs. Huffington Replies

"There are few more impressive sights in the world," said Sir James Barrie, "than a Scotsman on the make." The runner-up, though, must surely be the sight of an Australian poseur out of his depth. It is delightful to watch Robert Hughes beginning to hedge his bets, whining—in case the wind should change—that he never said Picasso was as good as all that. (Oh, no? "If I spit," said Picasso, "they will take my spit and frame it as great art." Hughes would have gone them one better; he would have licked it up and asked for more.)

"Superficially researched" was his spluttering verdict on my *Picasso: Creator and Destroyer*. Repeat after me: No good case needs to be supported by lies. The number of pages he has written about Picasso does not add up to a tenth of the number of my bibliographical entries alone, nor a fiftieth of my source-notes. It is precisely because Mr. Hughes and the rest of the camp followers cannot fault my methodology or my facts that they have become so hysterical about my thesis. As they repeat each other's opinions like nervous girls holding hands in the dark, they begin—this one in particular—to wonder, "What if the reading public believes her, not us?" Or even, "What if she's right?" Let me reassure this galumphing faun; his smart-ass *Timespeak* reviews, regularly recycling his modest stock of ideas, are still entertaining enough to keep him in comfort as he pursues, ever more frenziedly, the schlock of the new.

One more thing, though: Mr. Hughes charges me with having "little sense of how to read paintings." If he could for a moment stop peering at the signature in one corner and the price tag in the other, he might be able to stand back far enough to read not only Picasso's paintings but Picasso's century. That is what I have done, and I have never seen, in any of his jottings, the slightest evidence that he recognizes the necessity of such an approach, let alone that he is capable of undertaking it.

Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington
Santa Barbara, Calif.

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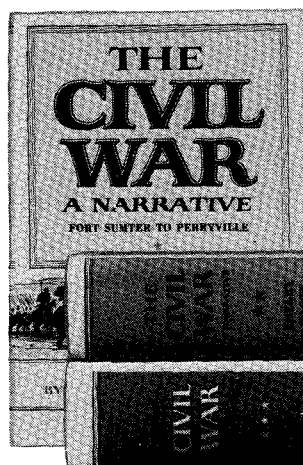
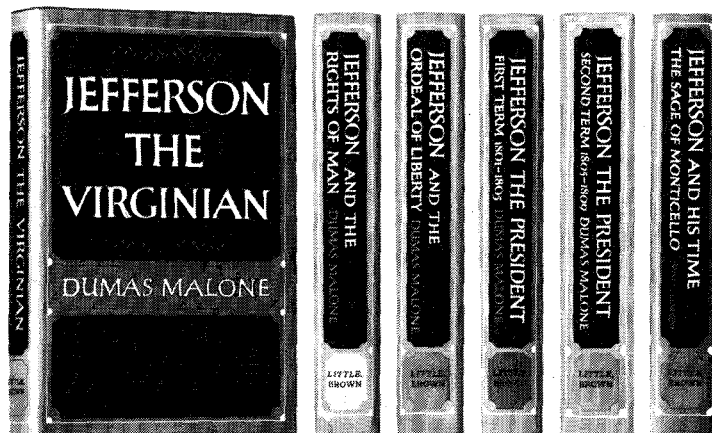
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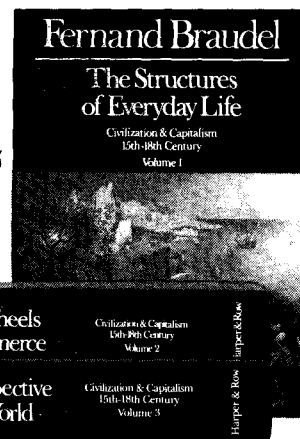
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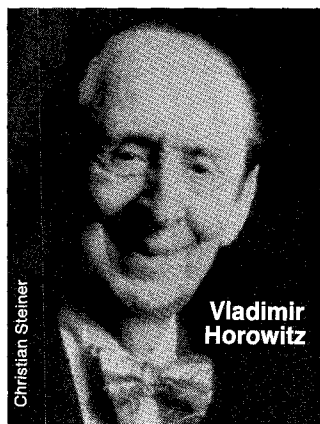
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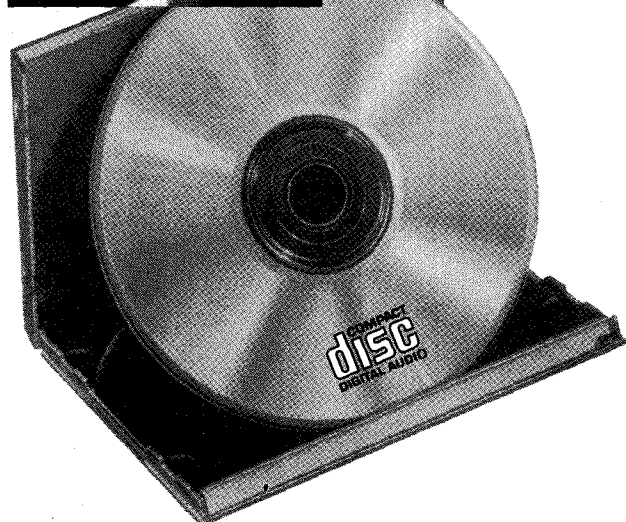
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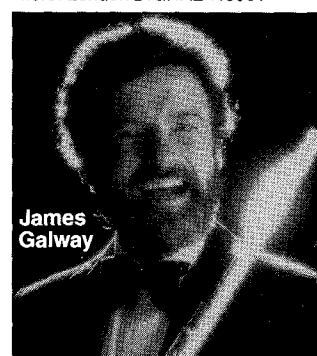
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Rossini, Overtures Orpheus Chamber Orchestra. The Barber Of Seville, The Turk In Italy, Tancredi, 5 others. DG DIGITAL 115527

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FOR THE RECORD

Welcome to a kinder, gentler nation. **George Bush** comes into office with 68 per cent of the people "optimistic." There seems to be enthusiasm from the establishment, skepticism from outside it. **Kevin Phillips** says "the previous Republican Presidents who represent this sort of third-term middle-of-the-road service bent [from **William Howard Taft** to **Herbert Hoover** to **Jerry Ford**] are the people who lost when they had to run again. They didn't have the 'pizzazz.'" . . . **R. W. Apple** of *New York Times* writes that Bush has put together a parliamentary-type Cabinet "of competence, not ideology," representing many party factions. . . . *Newsweek* thinks despite his symbolic new breeze, "it's doubtful that George Bush will risk being remembered by his Kennebunkport neighbors as a traitor to his class." . . . Conservative stalwart Sen. **Jesse Helms** (R., N.C.) had words of praise post inauguration, then said, "You can raise taxes—or you can cut federal spending. Let's see if he's got the guts to do the right thing." . . . **Fred Barnes**, *The New Republic's* conservative, says "the Bush Administration is going to be more conservative than practically everyone expects," but "the rhetoric won't be." **R. Emmett Tyrrell** of *The American Spectator* agrees: "George Bush has no reason to distance himself from **Ronald Reagan**." . . . **George Will** calls Bush's symbolic vein during first days a sign of **Carter Redux**: "frenetic reliance on symbolism indicates uncertainty about what you want to do." . . . A little friendly advice for the new President from *Human Events*: "The true path to American security does not lie in shaky and largely unverifiable arms-control pacts, but in the dismemberment of the last—and most ruthless—of modern colonial powers."

What sort of crowd will President Bush be facing on Capitol Hill? Ac-

cording to 1988 ADA ratings, the 101st Congress has "grown" in relation to its predecessors. ADA's "Liberal Quotient" average was at a new high of 52 in the House (Democrats 75) and 48 in the Senate (Democrats 72). Incoming Senate Majority Leader **George Mitchell** (D., Me.) has ADA rating of 95, nearly double his predecessor **Robert Byrd's** 55. Democratic House leaders averaged an ADA rating of 82. Not surprisingly, Massachusetts led all other states: its House and Senate delegations had combined ADA rating of 91. . . . Meanwhile Rep. **Newt Gingrich** (R., Ga.) plans to continue his attack against House Speaker: "I think **Jim Wright** and **Marion Barry** are perfect symbols for a corrupt Democratic Party." . . . A **Galup** poll asked how respondents rated various professions ethically; car salesmen received "Very High" or "High" rating from 6 per cent, congressmen from 16 per cent, journalists from 23 per cent. . . . When National Opinion Research Center asked if government is responsible for providing jobs for everyone who wants one, 80 per cent in West Germany said yes, 69 in Britain, and only 33 in U.S. . . . **Roper** poll reports the country believes, by 63 to 10 per cent, that federal spending, not inadequate tax revenues, is reason for U.S. deficit.

Recent revelations in *Izvestia* place Soviet deficit at \$165 billion, three times official government estimate. This among **Gorbachev** admissions about failing economy. Last year Moscow sent an estimated \$2 billion of aid to Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia; \$1.5 billion to Angola; \$1 billion to **Ortega's** Nicaragua; and \$5.1 billion (\$14 million per day) to **Castro's** Cuba. Despite aid, Nicaragua has a 23,000 per cent inflation rate. . . . **Carlos Mejia Godoy**, composer of Nicaragua's national anthem, has defected to Spain. . . . *Miami Herald*

reports that all across Cuba are "posters and billboards bearing the long-haired likeness of Ernesto 'Che' Guevara—Latin America's legendary guerrilla leader." . . . Also on a comeback is **Franz Kafka** in Czechoslovakia, where a recent issue of the journal *Kmen* was devoted to his works. These were banned in 1968 when dissidents drew parallels between their nightmarish aspects and life in pre-**Dubcek** Czechoslovakia. . . . On an unsuccessful comeback is **Idi Amin**, who has reportedly returned to exile in Saudi Arabia after a failed attempt to re-enter Uganda through Zaire.

Young Americans for Freedom plans to keep a watchful eye on President Bush. And if he does not adhere to conservative ideas on which he was elected, "we will strip the emperor's clothes off and expose him to the American people," says California state director **Jeff Green**. . . . Also keeping a watchful eye is the National Committee to Restore Internal Security, which just held a hearing on flawed Angolan UN Resolution 435 (for a report: Box 234, Mantoloking, N.J. 08738).

And what's the latest on **Michael Dukakis**, who was at home in Brookline eating a tuna-fish sandwich during the inauguration? **Martin Peretz**, publisher of *The New Republic*, says in an interview with *Harvard Salient*: "Michael Dukakis is now on his way to being a forgotten figure. He won't do American Express ads like **William Miller**, but he might have to come back to the **Kennedy School**, which is almost as humiliating."



"Cheer up. There's a greenhouse effect on the way."

Holland, Daily Telegraph / Rotoco

THE WEEK

□ To the shock of liberals everywhere, George Bush's idea of a kinder, gentler nation seems to be one where we don't kill babies.

□ People are steamed over the pending congressional pay raises, and they're bound to get a lot more steamed as they become aware of the hidden costs: the increase in House members' pension rights from \$800,000 to \$1.6 million; the boost in Speaker Jim Wright's pension from \$2 million to \$3 million. But this suggests an idea. The Treasury will probably have to spend tens of billions of dollars bailing out the Texas S&Ls that Jim Wright protected. The Fort Worth Stockyard, another Wright boondoggle, came in for a mere \$12 million or so. Surely it is worth our while to offer Jim Wright \$10 or \$20 million, not as a pension, but as a golden handshake. We pay, you go, we're quits. Let's think some more. What is Teddy Kennedy's absence worth? George Mitchell's? Alan Cranston's? Claiborne Pell's? It will hurt, but it will only hurt once. No pain, no gain.

□ Bob Woodward of the *Washington Post* has unearthed memos that passed among Justices William O. Douglas, Harry Blackmun, Potter Stewart, and Thurgood Marshall during the Supreme Court's, er, consideration of the famous case of *Roe v. Wade*. It transpires that Blackmun admitted that his "guidelines" for the state regulation of abortion were "arbitrary." Marshall gently objected that those guidelines might not serve the "interest" of poor women as well as heart could wish. And Stewart worried that Blackmun's approach was a little too "legislative." Indeed. The whole exchange shows vividly that genuine constitutional issues hardly troubled the majority in *Roe*; they carried on like a bunch of backroom pols bent on pleasing a pet constituency. These are the birds Robert Bork was deemed unfit to join.

□ *Newsweek* has an idea: George Bush can give his Presidency some pizzazz by "creating surprises." You know, like Nixon going to China. "While Bush can't very well become a big-spending liberal, he could confound expectations by, say, cutting a huge weapons system—a feat no Democrat could manage." This is known as Surprising Friend and Foe Alike (i.e., betraying your conservative friends). The proper role

of Republicans is to do things Democrats can't get away with. Note: Democrats are never praised for Surprising FAFA. When they do it, it's called Pandering to the Right Wing.

□ Some 67,000 pro-lifers converged on Washington last month for the annual protest against *Roe v. Wade*—perhaps for the last time, since it is quite possible that the Supreme Court will strike down *Roe* this year, despite the continued presence on its bench of Marshall, Brennan, and Blackmun, the Two Thousand Year Old Men. When *Roe* goes, the abortion fight will not of course end; it will simply shift to the state level. Liberals (e.g., Joe Klein, *New York* magazine's political pundit) predict that the local warfare will lead to feminist/liberal victories, and will incidentally end any hopes of Republican realignment by putting state legislatures, which draw the boundaries of congressional districts, even more firmly in Democratic hands. Liberals had better think again. The House, the branch of the Federal Government most attentive to the voters' concerns, has always passed the anti-abortion Hyde Amendment, despite huge Democratic majorities. The reason: superior grassroots organizing by pro-lifers. The GOP, if it stands with them, stands to reap a windfall. (Are you listening, Mr. Atwater?)

□ Numerous congressional blowhards, from Charles Rangel to Alfonse D'Amato, are upset that President Bush doesn't intend to fight the War on Drugs the way LBJ fought the War on Poverty: with oodles of cash and no thought. Bush correctly puts the emphasis on education, since the real problem is that many Americans, in the aftermath of the Sixties and Seventies, like their drugs very much, thank you—and the rest of us don't really blame them. The economics of the current demand for drugs are such that millions spent tracking down dealers can only marginally increase the price. And no one seems to have the political will necessary to seriously prosecute users—who are likely to be either our upper-middle-class coke-snorting friends, or "underprivileged" inner-city dwellers. Drugs were once legal in this country, without being an enormous social problem, for they were legal without being acceptable: they got you kicked out of school and home, in the ghettos as well as the

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

WHEN IS A tax not a tax? When it's a euphemism.

That, at least, is the hope of some members of the Bush Administration who are staying up very late devising schemes to "increase revenue" and bring down the deficit. Read their lips: George Bush is going to raise your taxes.

This is going to be the year of the budgetary double-reverse. Not that the budget deliberations of previous years have been characterized by openness and clarity of purpose. But although the no-tax-hike rhetoric lingers on the lips of Washington's most successful politicians, the supply-side missionaries of the Reagan Administration are gone. Bush himself is the consummate insider, and his team includes proud pragmatists like Michael Boskin and Richard Darman. The new budgeteers of the Bush Presidency are guided by the same principle impelling their compatriots on Capitol Hill: Whatever works.

Nothing could have driven home this point more starkly than the events

of the past month. Almost as soon as the departing President Reagan released his fiscal 1990 budget package, Bush's budgeteers quietly hunkered down with budget-minded members of Congress, looking for "painless" cuts in the \$1.15-trillion plan, and looking for places where "non-tax" revenues might be found.

To be sure, the Reagan folks also annually indulged in that sort of fiscal and political legerdemain—but not until they had first thrown the gauntlet down before Congress and threatened to bring government operations to a screeching halt if the Democrats tried to argue for a tax increase. Invariably, Reagan would emerge from the tussle with half a loaf—higher taxes, yes, but not nearly as high as they would have been had he not fought against taxes in the first place. In politics, that constitutes a clear victory.

Consider, by contrast, the Bush approach. There has been confrontation with Congress, all right. But the two sides have traded places. Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady's plan to charge a fee on deposits to help bail out the ailing savings-and-loan industry elicited howls from Capitol Hill [see also "Trial by Balloon," p. 14]. Incredibly, John Sununu, the White House chief of staff and senior conservative in the

Bush Administration, took to the Brinkley show to defend the deposit levy scheme as "a fee for services that is over fifty years old." Right. It was first introduced by none other than Franklin Roosevelt.

It's not clear just how many Republicans were assuaged by that explanation. (The proposed levy would be around 25 cents for every \$100 on deposit—less than half, Sununu helpfully added, what it was under Roosevelt.) Democrats, however, were clearly unimpressed. "Really very foolish," Senate Finance Committee Chairman Lloyd Bentsen snapped on *Meet the Press*. Whether it is called a tax or a user fee is, he said, "a matter of semantics. The results are the same."

Which is exactly the point. This year, Congress and the President have only one real challenge before them—how to reduce the federal deficit by \$17 billion, to \$110 billion in fiscal 1990, as required by the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings law. Both sides are pledging cooperation on this matter and, for once, seem to mean it. Neither side seems eager to make the process more difficult than necessary. So watch those semantics: the politicians appear more ready than ever to ditch their convictions and let the budgeteers do their thing. —CATO

suburbs. Prohibition and its aftermath showed that force without widespread social backing won't change people's minds. It rather makes them feel justified in subsidizing organized crime. The President is aware that it is our individual attitudes and actions that must change. If he took LBJ's approach of simply spending more, he would reap as grim a harvest.

□ "Plagued by unconstitutionality . . . a proposal of war"—that's how President Duarte describes the proposal El Salvador's Communist rebels made of terms under which they would participate in this year's presidential election. James Baker's State Department says the Communist FMLN may be ready to embrace democracy and constitutional government, and hints darkly that Duarte's remarks shouldn't be taken as a "categorical rejection" of the rebels' "proposal." Well. Before they'll agree to participate, the rebels demand that President Duarte first put off voting for half a year—in clear violation of El Salvador's constitution, which requires that voting take place before April 1. The other half of the "proposal" is that, if Duarte refuses, the rebels will mount another bloody offensive. Meantime, leftist violence continues to escalate, and rebels now say they have the *right* to assassinate

mayors and other local officials. In the vocabulary of El Salvador's Communists, democracy means elections at the end of a bayonet. President Duarte is right to want no part of it.

□ **LE MOT JUSTE.** British Foreign Secretary Geoffrey Howe, on Gorbachev's offer to reduce unilaterally the Soviet Union's European troop advantage from humongous to big: "A large step for Russian man, perhaps, but a very short step for mankind."

□ *Time* reports that a number of leading Washington figures—including Sam Nunn, William Armstrong, Arlen Specter, Mark Hatfield, Marilyn Quayle, Joanne Kemp, and Susan (Mrs. James) Baker—are members of prayer and Bible-study groups. This will come as no surprise to people who know Washington, where piety is as lively as in most communities, if also more embattled. But it's a reassuring note, disclosing a factor in public life you wouldn't suspect from the normal accounts of the mass media, where religion doesn't register except as fanaticism, gullibility, or respectable camouflage for the Sandinistas.

□ Salvador Dali was an expert draftsman who put his

considerable skills to the purpose of mocking art. He emerged out of the absurdist and dadaist movements, which received understandable impetus from the chaos of World War I, but which were already gestating as the European order lost its confidence considerably before 1914. The expression of meaninglessness is intellectually lazy. It takes a little imagination to paint a watch draped over a tree branch or to draw a mustache on the *Mona Lisa*, but not much. Forced originality of that kind is a bore in the long run. And so was Dali.

□ Conspiracy-theorist Lyndon LaRouche has been sentenced to 15 years in federal prison for various . . . conspiracies. The plot thickens.

□ SOCIETY NOTES: Messrs. John Gotti and Joel Steinberg shared a van ride last week from Rikers Island to Manhattan Criminal Court. Unfortunately, Mr. Bernhard Goetz was unable to join them.

□ And in Chicago, Richard Daley Jr. seems a good bet to be the city's next mayor. If tradition is any guide, he'll at least get his father's vote.

Mr. Bush Lifts Off

EACH PRESIDENCY makes a stylistic break from its predecessor. Ronald Reagan's love of ceremony and his basic aloofness—despite his warm TV manner—had a tonic effect after four years of Jimmy Carter's harried informality. The Bush inaugural gave the stylistic wheel another turn, as the First Couple trotted down Pennsylvania Avenue and showed hardy early-birds through the White House for a post-inaugural reception. The new President's inaugural address, in line with the New Friendliness, pleased everyone, but perhaps that was because half the audience half understood it.

Bush reprised two phrases from his campaign: "a thousand points of light" and "kinder, gentler nation"—now become a pledge "to make kinder the face of the nation and gentler the face of the world." Commentators tended to fasten on the second, but the first is just as important.

Liberals think they know what "kinder, gentler" means. It means liberal. Those who do not dismiss Bush's phrase as a crass ploy seize it as a rhetorical hostage. If they don't get what they want from the Bush Administration—spending on the homeless; rhetorical deference to affirmative action; a higher minimum wage—they plan to throw Bush's words back at him. And the phrase can function as an inducement as well as a punishment: *Don't* you want to be your best self? the Good George? a respectable Republican (a Republican we would respect)?

But, as Bush made clear, the "thousand points of light" is intended to qualify kindness and gentleness; it is the means by which they are to be achieved. "The old solution," Bush said, after a catalogue of homeless, addicts, and pregnant teenagers, "was to think that public money alone could end these problems. But we have learned that that is not so." His "new activism" depends on "the goodness and the courage" of private citizens; he included welfare in his list of addictions. Here was further warrant for Republicans to develop and pursue conservative social policies—housing vouchers; tenant ownership and management of public housing.

Bush's swipe at materialism—"we are not the sum of our possessions"—was taken to be a criticism of the previous eight years. That assumes, as only liberals assume, that Reaganism was an orgy of getting and spending. Bush knows, having been there, that there was nothing orgiastic about such achievements as controlling inflation. His understanding of the place of traditional moral beliefs and behavior in national life—first place—does not reverse Reagan's, but matches it.

On foreign policy, Bush snuck in a concept that should give hard-line liberals pause: "when our fathers were young, Mr. Speaker, our differences ended at the water's edge." This was addressed to Jim Wright, whose private diplomacy and at-home obstructionism dug the grave into which the Contras are now being lowered. The clear implication of a bipartisan foreign policy is that querulous partisans should bear the onus of sabotaging it. If Bush means it, Democrats might be in for some rough sledding.

Early in his first term, and years before *perestroika*, Ronald Reagan said that the United States would "transcend" Communism. Bush pushed the theme. "For the first time in this century—for the first time in perhaps all history—man does not have to invent a system by which to live. . . . Great nations of the world are moving toward democracy—through the door to freedom." Indeed, perhaps he pushes the theme a shade too far. Transitions are notoriously times of danger and upheaval. It took six years of rebellion for America to make the transition from Thirteen Colonies to United States. Eighty years later,

Ron Brown, Rising

As lemmings do, whose DNA
Dictates they do themselves away
At intervals not understood
By scientists, who wish they could,
The Democrats once more prepare
To vanish in November's air.

W. H. VON DREELE

it took a civil war to resolve some misunderstandings concerning the Declaration of Independence. The Soviet Union is armed, and must prudently be considered dangerous. The comrades won't become friends any time soon. The best guarantee of a gentler world is, as it has been for half a century, a tough, wary America.

Court in the Middle

WE SUPPOSE THAT we ought to show more enthusiasm for the Supreme Court's recent decision striking down a Richmond, Virginia, ordinance that "set aside" 30 per cent of all city construction contracts for firms meeting certain minority standards. After all, there were Thurgood Marshall and William Brennan in dissent calling the ruling a "giant step backward," Harry Blackmun handwringing that "I never thought that I would live to see the day . . ." and the irrepressible Ben Hooks lamenting this "grievous blow to the struggle of blacks to gain a fair share of the American dream." We suppose, if nothing else, that we ought to be enlisting in the various spin-control efforts to translate yet another indecipherable Supreme Court opinion in a way that suits our interests.

Yet we will pass for the moment. In truth, we see the *Croson* case as merely a minor skirmish in the longer-term battle for the soul of America. While it is a skirmish in which the liberals' losses probably outweighed ours (the Court did acknowledge that the Fourteenth Amendment protects even white males), the momentum continues in the wrong direction. In the same way that a pundit (accurately) described an earlier "landmark" affirmative-action case, *Bakke*, as standing finally only for the proposition that "Bakke gets to go to medical school," the only clear result in the Richmond case is that Ordinance No. 83-69-59 is invalid. That is nice but unmomentous.

The essential problem is that the Court continues to search for an imagined middle ground between explicit racial quotas and color-blind public policy. There is no such mean: either race is a relevant factor in structuring society or it is not. If it is—but, as the Court suggests, only sometimes—then any moral foundation to the constitutional idea of "equal protection" is lost and the Court will forever be evaluating racial quotas on an ad-hoc basis.

Richmond's problem was that it got sloppy and barely bothered to justify its racial quota in even the most summary terms. (We would have relished learning the extent of past discrimination in the Capital of the Confederacy against Aleutian-Americans, one beneficiary group.) What the *Croson* decision said is that, while the existence of past discrimination not only in the public sector but in the private sector as well can suffice to justify quotas, Richmond had neither undertaken the effort to lay out evidence of such discrimi-

nation nor demonstrated that its quota was a well-tailored response.

Indeed, what may well be the ultimate legacy of *Croson*—the proposition for which it will be studied by twenty-first-century law students—is the idea that private discrimination can serve as a predicate for state "remedial" action through quotas. How difficult will it be for communities to identify instances of such discrimination? Even more alarming, such discrimination apparently can continue to be evidenced by mere statistical disparities (i.e., proportionately fewer minorities in a workforce than in the population) rather than only by a showing of genuine discrimination (i.e., treating minorities differently *on account* of their skin color).

Further, *Croson* goes out of its way to reinforce the Court's earlier decision that racial "set-asides" are valid if undertaken by the Federal Government. It also essentially intimates that state and local governments can achieve similar ends if, in addition to incanting a bit about private-sector discrimination, they also essentially camouflage color-conscious intentions as policies directed toward "disadvantaged" individuals.

We will postpone our own celebrations until Justice Scalia's opinion—allying him with Justice Harlan's famous statement that "our Constitution is color-blind and neither knows nor tolerates classes among citizens"—becomes the opinion of the Court. Until that time, the Court will continue with its chaotic succession of affirmative-action opinions. The *Croson* "victory" will soon be forgotten unless the opportunities likely to be offered to President Bush to refashion the Court are fully exploited. As a lawyer for a leading civil-rights organization put it, *Croson* is "a decision that everyone can live with." Regrettably, that is true.

Trial by Balloon

A POPULAR THEME of Washington journalists has been that the new federal officials in key economic posts are cooperative administrative types, free of "ideology." It is not yet clear which component of that word—ideas or logic—is most objectionable to the press corps, but the new team at the Treasury Department seems short on both. They have already shoved top White House officials on stage stark naked, covered only by some flimsy trial balloons on ways to bail out ailing S&Ls. The balloons turned out to be full of explosive gas, and the press and Congress quickly lit their matches.

One idea was to charge 25 cents for every hundred dollars of deposits at federally insured banks and thrifts. This must have seemed quite reasonable from the lofty viewpoint of Treasury's tax lawyers, bookkeepers, and business-school refugees. If people are going to have their deposits insured, why

The Poverty of Communism

WE DON'T HAVE to talk late into the night about which form of government is better," George Bush said in his inaugural address, and statistics published in the *Wall Street Journal* the following week bore this out:

TWO SYSTEMS COMPARED			
	U.S.	USSR	U.S./USSR
GNP (in Billions), 1987	\$4,436.1	\$2,375.0	1.9×
Per-Capita GNP, 1987	\$18,200	\$8,360	2.2×
Average Annual GNP Growth, 1980-87	3.0%	1.8%	1.7×
Per-Capita Grain Production (kg.)	1,150	740	1.6×

Of course, the Communist riposte might be that although the West is clearly better at producing wealth, the East is better at distributing it. However, a survey of 120 nations published by the American Political Science Association early last year found a high correlation between a nation's per-capita income and equality in the distribution of income, but no relationship between equality and the type of political system. Switzerland, with the highest per-capita income, was ranked the most egalitarian country, followed by the United States. Both were found to be considerably more egalitarian than the Soviet Union.

The Soviet claim to have eliminated poverty is also belied by official statistics released since Gorbachev took power. The infant-mortality rate, reported at thirty per thousand live births in 1985, puts the Soviet Union in the same league as Panama and Tonga; after adjusting for the high-risk newborns excluded by Soviet authorities from the tally, the rate climbs to nearly forty per thousand, about four times the comparably computed U.S. rate.

Life expectancy in the Soviet Union reportedly declined from seventy years in 1972 to 68 in 1983, before rising slightly (to 69) in the first half of 1986. At 69 years, life expectancy in the USSR is lower than what the World Bank ascribes to such places as Chile, Ghana, Panama, and Uruguay.

Excessive alcoholism is implicated in both trends. Per-capita consumption of hard liquor in the USSR is estimated to be twice as high as in Sweden, with urban families reportedly devoting the same proportion of their weekly budgets to alcohol that American families devote to food.

Backwardness confers ironic benefits. In West Germany, where the problem of a declining birthrate and an aging population is reportedly most acute, there will only be two people of working age (twenty to 65) per each retiree (over 65) by the start of the next century. In the Soviet Union this ratio will be more like seven to one. Also, shortages of consumer goods have resulted in a marked increase in the Soviet personal-savings rate, something that has eluded the United States in recent years. —ED RUBENSTEIN

shouldn't they pay a premium, just as they do for auto insurance?

The problem is that depositors would not stand still and be fleeced. People would keep much more cash in money-market funds, using credit cards to bundle their monthly purchases into \$500 bills that can be paid with a check on such a fund. Many might rush to swap bank deposits for currency—which, by the way, is called a "bank run." If banks and thrifts tried to entice depositors back by offering higher interest rates, the squeeze on profits would make more of them insolvent. They could not just pass the cost along by charging more for loans, because federally insured banks and thrifts have to compete with similar state-insured institutions, commercial paper, bonds, foreign banks (Eurodollars), and non-bank financial institutions, such as General Electric, General Motors,

Shearson American Express, Merrill Lynch, and Sears. Far from the scheme's yielding a few billion of added revenue, as the Treasury's myopic revenue estimators dream, tens of billions could instead be *lost* as a result of the disastrous impact on banks, thrifts, and the small businesses, households, and farms that have no other sources of credit.

Reality imposes similar constraints on another Treasury Department scheme: to charge an extra "point" (1 per cent) on mortgages, with the revenues again going to the federal-deposit-insurance monopolies. Affected banks and thrifts would immediately face stiff competition from many non-bank sources of mortgages, including insurance companies and pension funds. The only way for S&Ls to compete would be to offer lower mortgage interest rates to compensate for the extra federal fee. But that would cut earnings further,

and eventually shove even previously healthy thrifts under water.

A third product of this same non-ideological assault on ideas and logic was to propose that the Federal Reserve pay interest on deposits—to the deposit-insurance system, not to successful banks and thrifts. This is a shell game using glass shells. Every dollar the Fed pays to FSLIC is a dollar that it will not be sending to the U.S. Treasury. There is nothing wrong with borrowing money for emergencies, but there is also no point in being devious about it. Actually, the cost need not be nearly as high as commonly supposed if the Federal Home Loan Bank Board auctioned ailing thrifts to the highest qualified bidder, if future deposit insurance were limited to \$100,000 per person rather than per institution, and if the central banks' efforts to stabilize prices and exchange rates attained sufficient credibility to squeeze the inflation risk premium out of U.S. interest rates. If interest rates in the United States were similar to those in Japan and Germany, there would be no thrift crisis. But all of this is far too visionary for pragmatists and yes-men, who shun ideology. The Bush Administration still needs a few more independent thinkers to toss darts at these silly little trial balloons *before* they are launched, and to launch a few big ideas instead.

On Reading Lips

THE WORDS were scarcely out of John Tower's mouth at his confirmation hearing before the *New York Times* started gloating and Washington's strategic salons threw themselves into a quick refrain of the Hallelujah Chorus. The secretary of defense-designate was alleged to have revealed, in effect, that the emperor's umbrella was a fiction: that the Strategic Defense Initiative could not work, and therefore no further thought need be given to deploying a robust defense against ballistic missiles.

What Senator Tower actually said was:

1. *Perfect* defenses of the entire population against nuclear attack are not in the cards.
 2. We are going to require strategic offensive forces as part of the U.S. deterrent posture for the foreseeable future.
 3. We would, however, prefer a deterrent force made up of defensive as well as offensive systems.
 4. As has been the case in recent years, expenditures on SDI may have to be reduced somewhat as part of the overall downward adjustment of the defense budget.
 5. The appropriate level of funding and the approach to be taken to strategic defenses by the Bush Administration will be factors in its just-initiated "comprehensive reassessment" of U.S. foreign and defense policies.
- Far from signaling the end of SDI, as its opponents

would have us believe, John Tower has in fact taken a critical step toward its realization. By formally dispensing with the fallacy that SDI must be "perfect" in order to justify its deployment, the secretary-designate has begun to outline a program that can result in fielding significant and strategically beneficial—if imperfect—defenses against ballistic-missile attack.

Read Tower's lips: they are saying he wishes us to be imperfectly invulnerable, not perfectly vulnerable.

Washington Talk

THE ESTIMABLE Jack Kemp, at his Senate confirmation hearings, beguiled everyone with his can-do commitment to making the Department of Housing and Urban Development an effective arsenal in the war on homelessness. "I want where necessary to fight for the full funding or for increased funding or for the reordering of priorities," he said, calling homelessness "an emergency problem" and a "national tragedy of appalling proportions."

Well, to use an expression foreign to Kemp's personality: yes and no. There are certainly lots of homeless people in evidence these days. But the voguish habit of speaking of them all as "homeless" blurs the real diversity of their situation. Some of these people are simply unfortunate. Many are mentally ill and should be forcibly institutionalized. Others are addicted to drugs or alcohol and need treatment directed at these disorders.

Still others are what used to be called vagrants and derelicts. As Ronald Reagan remarked in what might be called his last official gaffe in office, some people *choose* to live in the streets. (A gaffe is any homely common-sense remark that contradicts received liberal opinion.) Lots of them aren't crazy or disabled or addicted to drugs or alcohol. They live in the streets partly because the vagrancy laws aren't enforced and because the old presumption against vagrancy has given way to a militant sentimentalism in the opposite direction.

The rhetorical taboos of today's politics are for-

Not a Banner Week

Incredibly, the savings fee,
Which quacks with regularity
While shedding water from its back,
And nearly gave a heart attack
To grandma, who's already called
Her sister at the bank, appalled,
Remains upon the table, where
It gasps alarmingly for air.

W. H. VON DREELE



"Let us eat cake!"

midable. Whole classes of people are summarily designated as victims eligible for government assistance, no questions asked. Utopian rhetoric has become mandatory: every "problem" becomes "national," we must declare "war" on it, and it must be "eliminated." (The solutions to these problems are curiously uniform, and all involve "increased funding.")

The atmosphere is such that even essentially moderate men feel constrained to talk like fanatics. Few evils in society can be "eliminated": murder, rape, and burglary still occur. Law can only help reduce their frequency to a tolerable level, beyond which the effort of reducing them further brings diminishing returns.

When realism is displaced by crusade rhetoric, we can expect open-ended spending commitments that sweep away normal cost-benefit analysis. Jack Kemp is too savvy about incentives to go in for another quasi-socialist program, but he should be wary of Washington's conventional loose talk and blurry concepts. Even half-baked ideas have consequences.

Solidarity Forever

THE RULERS of Poland have offered to talk to the ruled. Specifically, they propose to hold discussions with the banned union, Solidarity, leading to its legalization—though, not surprisingly, there is a slew of conditions: notably a two-year ban on strikes, and Solidarity's acknowledgment that it would henceforth be "part of the content of Polish socialism."

Lech Walesa responded by outlining the contrary view. The cause of Poland's economic and social woes is "the existing monopoly of the party and its union." The monopoly on power—"Polish socialism"—caused the Polish mess, and the solution is not to make the monopoly more comprehensive. "We will now have to try to alter the monopoly."

The way up and the way down are the same, said

Heraclitus, who had not considered the ways up from and down into socialism. General Jaruzelski and his henchmen face, in a more acute form, the same dilemma that confronts Mikhail Gorbachev: how to reform a system that is both a failure and their only source of legitimacy. Solidarity, which has legitimacy precisely because it is illegal, holds all the cards. It should let the bidding run up as high as possible.

Reflections on Bundy

TED BUNDY certainly deserved execution, more even than most other murderers. Before his electrocution, Bundy told detectives from four states that he had murdered 23 young women. At that, he was probably being modest. Informed estimates put the figure at between 36 and a hundred during a life of rape and murder.

The 42-year-old Bundy, a law-school dropout, was a peculiarly intelligent and introspective killer. In a fascinating interview given the day before his death, he provided an insight into his mentality. His homicidal urges, he thought, were triggered by violent pornography. This is the first important instance we know of since the infamous British "moor murderers" of the mid Sixties in which a killer has made explicit the connection between sadistic material and actual murder.

Bundy did not *blame* sadistic pornography for his crimes, but he said that such pornography—along with alcohol—influenced what he did. "There are loose in the towns and their communities people like me," Bundy said, "whose dangerous impulses are being fueled day in and day out by violence in the media, particularly sexual violence."

The relationship between fantasy and action has always been problematical. To move to a much higher level than Ted Bundy, Yeats worried that certain poems of his had moved Irish revolutionaries to un-

dertake the Easter rebellion, men who were subsequently shot by the British. Auden always insisted, fighting against Yeats's large and guilty claims for poetry, that poetry was just a game, accomplishing nothing in the realm of action. Yet Auden, before he died, edited his early work in a moral direction. Between Yeats and Auden, Yeats won.

This debate goes back to Athens and beyond. Plato thought that flute music was erotically exciting, detracting from reason. He banned flute players and poets from his imaginary Republic.

"I can't begin to understand the pain that the parents of these children felt," Bundy told the interviewer. "I don't ask them to forgive me. I'm not asking for it. That kind of forgiveness is of God." Few thugs and murderers are as articulate.

Obviously Ted Bundy deserved every one of the two thousand volts he received. But the thought lingers that it might have been worth while to keep him alive and study him. For it is possible that Ted Bundy could have lived a decent life in a society that did not set out to gratify his worst instincts. He and others paid a high price for the ACLU view of what liberty and the First Amendment require. If there are victimless crimes, selling pornographic magazines to Ted Bundy was not one of them.

Off the Record

A FEW MONTHS AGO a veteran Cuban diplomat named Héctor Aguililla Saladrigas secretly defected to the United States, bringing with him a good bit of useful intelligence. For instance, as Associated Press reported after an interview with Mr. Aguililla, there is "the role Cuba has played in cooperation with Palestinian radicals in the shadowy international arms-trafficking business." It turns out that from 1980 to 1983, as Cuba's second-ranking diplomat in Syria, Mr. Aguililla participated in a scheme by which Marxist Palestinian groups supplied Cuba with guns and high-powered weaponry for re-export to Chile, El Salvador, and Guatemala. These were chiefly Western-made weapons, he explained, to conceal "socialist involvement" in case of discovery. For its part, Cuba has returned the favor by offering the Palestinians "training of a terrorist nature" and—for slow learners—instruction in such basics as falsifying passports and invisible writing.

This story was printed, at full length or nearly so, in the *Miami Herald*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Houston Chronicle*, and the *Washington Times*, among other big-city newspapers. But the *Washington Post*, the *Boston Globe*, and the *Los Angeles Times* each apparently deemed the piece unfit to print, while the *New York Times* reserved a shrunken six inches for it in the middle of page ten. One might assume that these "papers of record" elected not to use the story in a

William Bennett, Drug Czar

With money still a no-no, it's
Unlikely he'll be making hits,
But if he does, he'll have to get
The Boss to tell the Cabinet.

W. H. VON DREELE

lofty disdain for wire copy, intending to get their own reporters on it directly. So far, alas, nothing. Likewise, the networks and panel-discussion programs all had better things to cover.

In the case of the *New York Times*, the explanation was clear enough. The front page that same day brought yet another "dramatic disclosure" concerning Chilean diplomat Orlando Letelier, whose death 12 years ago is presumed to be a source of continued torment for us all. This twenty-inch rehash of a Chilean government official's admission of complicity in Letelier's death—a story of real but modest interest—was treated as news of the greatest moment.

There is, of course, no liberal bias here, merely liberal news judgment. The Aguililla interview was a genuine news story, about events likely, in the long run, to affect and perhaps end the lives of many truly innocent people throughout Latin America. There were unanswered questions galore. How much lethal weaponry has this Cuban-Palestinian smuggling network already shipped into the region? How and where has it been put to use? How many people have been killed as a result? *Is this still going on?* To find the answers, readers of our distinguished papers of record must turn elsewhere. Until justice has been done for Letelier, such peripheral matters will just have to wait.

NOTES & ASIDES

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

What is a fell swoop, and why is there always one fell swoop? Do fell swoops ever come more than one at a time? For example, can democracy be established in South Africa in two or three fell swoops (see "First Step to Democracy," *NR*, Nov. 25)?

Sincerely,
Richard Pickrell
Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Mr. Pickrell: Interesting question. I haven't asked Bill Safire, but my intuitive feeling is that a swoop can't be fell unless it is consummated, even as one can't, oh, vault a pole in two or three stages. Besides, don't you get the feeling that there is an

onomatopoeic imperative at work here—that the word “swoop” suggests a beginning, and requires an end? Let’s think about it. Cordially,
WFB

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Congratulations on your successful campaign to rid us of the man who, on the floor of the world’s greatest deliberative body, called someone a dirtbag. While this was not his most heinous crime (calling himself a Republican is probably close to it), it certainly was not consistent with what I learned about the United States Senate in my civics class.

I wish that you would now direct your attention to Texas and the notorious public man, otherwise known as the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

“Does Jim Wright make you sick?” Has a nice ring to it.

Sincerely,
David A. Welber
York, Pa.

Dear Mr. Welber: Yes, see what you mean. But the matrix for that one was used up by the gentleman from Connecticut. Cordially,
WFB

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

My wife and I are preparing for publication excerpts from *Out of the Night*, published in 1941 by Jan Valtin, a pseudonym for Richard Herman Julius Krebs. As you no doubt are aware, Mr. Valtin’s book is a first-person narrative of a Comintern agent during the Twenties and Thirties.

Mr. Valtin’s book was a sensation when it first came out in early 1941. It was reviewed favorably by many well-known people and publications, including

B. D. Wolfe, Clifton Fadiman, and (ironically) *The Nation*. But its publication was followed too quickly by Hitler’s invasion of Russia. And in the ensuing events, an essential message—the deliberate and decisive role of the Comintern in bringing Hitler to power—was lost. We hope to bring Mr. Valtin’s message back to life.

Mr. Valtin is deceased. This creates problems in preparing biographical material. We are hoping that members of your staff or readership might be able to help us. Therefore we would appreciate your printing the following request for information in NATIONAL REVIEW’s “Notes & Asides” column:

We are preparing a short biography of Richard Herman Julius Krebs, a/k/a Jan Valtin, author of *Out of the Night* and *Castle in the Sand*. We would appreciate contact with anyone having information about Mr. Valtin. Please write to Bill or Anna Smith at 3526 Beethoven Street, Los Angeles, Calif. 90066.

Thank you in advance.

Sincerely,
William S. Smith
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Mr. Smith: Good luck. Read the book while at secondary school. It made an anti-Communist of me. Cordially,
WFB

□ Dear Bill:

I think we have been ignoring what is truly a serious ethical problem. Are we, as holders of the Hertz Platinum Service card, part of the conspiracy to cheat Hertz clients through insurance and damage-claim fraud?

These costs have affected every man, woman, and child in the United States, and driven many into poverty and ruin.

I frankly don’t give a damn. If you feel the same way, let’s just continue being members and refuse to be interviewed on *60 Minutes*, if they ask us.

If Hertz customers are so stupid and don’t check their bills, I do not see why we should go to bat for them. I am sick and tired of so many consumers who have turned into chronic complainers.

Cheers,
Art [Buchwald]
Washington, D.C.

Dear Art: You are right, as usual. The whole idea of turning complaints against Hertz into an excuse for voting for Dukakis made me sick and tired, and when that happens, I get so angry I eat my latest Hertz card. Yours cordially,
Bill

—WFB



“That wonderful voice will disappear, you know—he practically lives on American hamburgers.”

WHEN KABUL FALLS

I have received a letter from Afghanistan, addressed in Arabic to Mr. Rahim—my name among the Afghans. The note did not reach me by ordinary mail: it was carried for weeks over the same mountains and deserts that I had once crossed to reach its author, Ismael Khan, the chief mujahedin commander in western Afghanistan. Since no messenger is likely to get through in the middle of an Afghan winter, I reply to him here. My words may reach him sooner that way.

SALUTATIONS, dear and respected Ismael Khan! I too pray for your health. I am glad the few photographs of you and your men I took have reached you safely.

My thoughts have been with you ever since we bade each other farewell near Herat in the summer of 1987. So much has changed in Afghanistan since then. "God willing," you say in your letter, "my *mujahedin* will soon deliver the final thrust to this Communist puppet regime." Victory is in your sight now literally.

I have been turning over in my mind the Koranic verse that I know has guided you: *Fight in the cause of God those who fight you, but do not transgress limits: for God loves not transgressors. And slay them wherever you catch them, and turn them out from where they have turned you out: for tumult and oppression are worse than slaughter.*

Oppression is indeed worse than slaughter. Your cause is just. You were right to fight against fanatics who exterminated thousands of your countrymen and the foreign army that came to keep them in power.

Do you remember when we first met? It was in a remote oasis of Sargah; you sat cross-legged at the head of an assembly of dozens of commanders from all over the country, a captured Soviet machine gun on the carpet before you as the only mark of your authority. This assembly was con-

vened to found a confederacy of the fighters inside Afghanistan. You were preparing your men psychologically, your associates politically, and the country militarily for a long war. You said you could hold out against the Soviets for ten, twenty years. "Even if I am defeated," you said, "I want the Russians to remember me for two hundred years."

How different it all looks now. Neither of us dared to hope then that within a few months the Russians would be announcing their withdrawal. Last year you were offered the post of prime minister in the Kabul government, a proposal I knew you would reject with the contempt it deserved. I was very worried when I heard that one of your bodyguards died and you narrowly escaped when the Communists ambushed you in retaliation.

Now that you are about to overcome, I think of the first part of the Prophet Mohammed's prescription: fight those who attack you *but do not transgress limits*. I am sure this is what you are thinking of now too: How will you treat those who have collaborated with the Soviets and Communists?

We in the West have no particular claim to being merciful to the defeated: when France was retaken from Hitler in 1944, thousands of collaborators were summarily executed; the RAF destroyed several German cities that were harmless and defenseless; the Red Army raped and looted on its way to Berlin. And when it comes to the worst war crimes—such crimes as your people have suffered—many of us believe that their perpetrators should be pursued and punished even after forty years.

We in the West have not helped you as much as we could. The American Government has sent much aid, but the Western public, normally generous, has all but ignored your plight. Donations from charitable organizations such as Afghan Aid for the refugees

[one-third of the surviving Afghan population still lives in camps in Pakistan and Iran] have been pitifully small. Our public was confused in its sympathies because some of our left-wing newspapers (now hypocritically taking credit for inducing the Soviet withdrawal) had sided with the Communists and their foreign sponsors. You were branded as bandits and "counter-revolutionaries."

Our public's sympathies are only aroused when it is adequately informed. *You* see the sights of desolation daily: the deserted villages, the irrigation systems deliberately destroyed by the enemy, fields burnt with napalm. But when order is established and journalists begin reporting freely on the scale of the devastation inflicted on your country, I hope aid will start coming to Afghanistan at last.

GOD WILLING, in a few months you will be able to start rebuilding your country after a decade of bloody revolution and war. But let me say this: The one thing that could stop a Western aid program in its tracks would be a vendetta against your vanquished foes. I know *they* would kill *you*, even today, if they could. I know the Soviets and their Afghan puppets have been guilty of treason, mass murder, and torture. But I say to you: Magnanimity, not revenge, befits a great leader. You have been victims of fanaticism—Communist fanaticism. I hope you will oppose fanaticism in any other form.

That's why I was very glad to hear that you have announced an amnesty for all those collaborators who abandon the Communist side before the final pullout of the Red Army. May you stick to this resolution. May God grant you a speedy victory. May peace and reconciliation come to Afghanistan at last. □

Mr. Sikorski is NR's correspondent at large.

APRES REAGAN

*Some on the Right are conservative by inheritance,
others by conversion.
If American conservatism is to prosper after Reagan,
the two sides must put a stop to*

THE WAR BETWEEN PALEOS AND NEOS

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

THE MOST STRIKING distinction between Paleo- and Neoconservatives* is sociological.† The Paleos usually come from conservative families, some upper-class with old money, others Texas-rich, or middle-class. Many small businessmen, professionals, craftsmen, farmers, storekeepers, and skilled workers are also Paleos. A sizable number belong to fundamentalist evangelical groups. And although the clergy in major denominations seldom is conservative, many believers fervently are.

The Neoconservatives are horses of a different color. They usually come from low-income liberal or leftist families. As students they became more radical than their parents and not infrequently extreme Marxists. They became teachers, journalists, or intellectuals. Some of the best-known Neos are Jewish,** but by no means all. Pat Moynihan was a Neoconservative before he became a liberal senator; James Q. Wilson, George Gilder, Michael Novak, Thomas Sowell, Peter Berger, Charles Murray—to name a few—are well-known non-Jewish Neoconservatives.

The Great Depression and the horrors of Hitler helped make the older generation of today's Neos into radical leftists. Experience made them into anti-Communists when most liberals still thought Stalin's good deeds offset his "excesses." Until the actual horrors of Stalinism, inchoately known to most Paleos, began to dawn, fitfully and falteringly, on some of the editors of the *New York Times*, anti-Communism was ostracized. Thereafter anti-Communists were no longer regarded as total perverts by fellow intellectuals, although they are suspect as overzealous to this day. In November 1988 a conference on "Anti-Communism and the U.S." was held at Harvard. Twelve hundred people paid \$75 each to listen to Joel Kovel, the Alger Hiss Professor of Sociology at Bard College, Angela Davis, a professor of philosophy at San Francisco State University, et al. discuss "The World Costs of Anti-Communism" and similar topics. The Rosenbergs were recently listed by two prominent academics (sponsored by the ACLU) as among those executed although innocent. Anti-Communism still is not exactly popular in academic circles. Leftism is.††

The Neos became anti-Communists and finally conserv-

atives not by inheritance, but by conversion. They became interested in democracy and capitalism as alternatives to the Utopian leftism they had grown up with and that had ended so catastrophically. Some tried to salvage their socialist ideology by separating it from totalitarianism. They still are devoted to *Dissent* magazine, or *The New Leader*. Communism may not be the solution, but capitalism remains the problem, they believe. It is hard to shed the habits of a lifetime. Utopia never dies. However, the full-fledged Neos became altogether conservative. They decided that democracy, despite its imperfections, brought them nearer to individual liberty than any other system, and that capitalism not only is indispensable to democracy, but also efficient and most likely to distribute opportunity widely, while minimizing enduring inequalities. What Stalin did for the older generation of Neos, the Sixties and the horrors of the "Cultural Revolution" in China, of Cambodia, and of Communist Vietnam did, *mutatis mutandis*, for those younger Neos who started as leftists.

Neos distrust big government and support resistance to Soviet encroachments, as Paleos had done all along. What distinguishes most Neos is that they reached their convictions after having been mired in Marxist ideologies and, in most cases, having been seduced, at least for a short time, into following a system that turned out to be an evil empire, infinitely worse than the czarist one from which many of their ancestors had fled. What to the Paleos was tradition—instinct even—and common sense, to the Neos was an experience, a great revelation, a conviction reached after fervent devotion to "the god that failed." As often

*There is an interesting discussion of the history of the term "Neoconservative" in S. M. Lipset's *Neoconservatism: Myth and Reality* (*Society*, July-August 1988), although most of his material does not reflect the current use of "Neoconservative" in American politics. (Paradoxically, "New Right" refers not to Neos, but to militant Paleos.)

†Libertarians, a third group, stress free markets even more than conservatives do. This group, with motley rationalistic, anti-traditionalist doctrines, includes unilateral-disarmers, zealous goldbugs, anarchists, fanatic followers of the late Ayn Rand (she had few non-fanatic ones), as well as reasonable and outstanding persons.

**Irving Howe, in *World of Our Fathers*, well describes the familiar background of the New York Jewish Neos.

††For many liberals Alger Hiss remains a "red herring." He has been readmitted to the bar in Massachusetts.

Mr. van den Haag's most recent book (with Tom J. Farer) is *U.S. Ends and Means in Central America* (1988).

is the case with converts, some of the Neos have thought more deeply and systematically about their new beliefs than most of those who absorbed them at their father's knee. Think of the Apostle Paul; or of Augustine of Hippo.

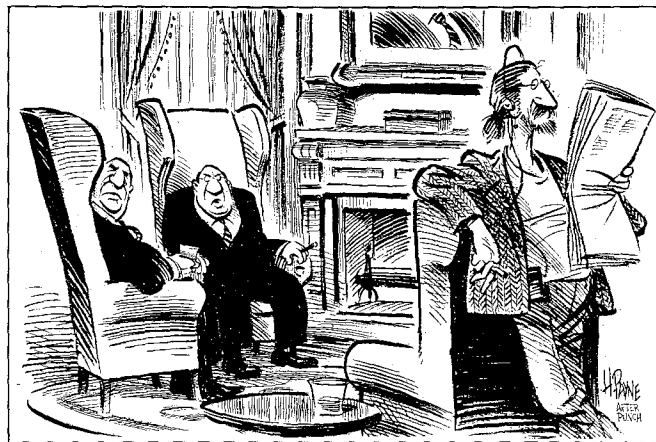
Paleos include sizable masses of non-intellectual conservative voters who never were attracted by leftist utopianism. Their intellectual leaders trace the legitimacy of their beliefs to the past. Not uncommonly they are *laudatores temporis acti*. Some are romantic medievalists, others Aristotelians, or followers of Thomas Aquinas, Edmund Burke, and Samuel Johnson. Nothing wrong with these mentors; but, perhaps, they are a little too distant from industrial society to have the answers to current problems. Thus, Burke unhelpfully described capitalism as the age of "sophisters, economists, and calculators" which will "forever" extinguish "the glory of Europe." He was wrong. Anyway, nostalgia is not a policy.

The Neoconservatives most often discovered Aristotle, or Tocqueville, or the Federalist Papers only after having been cured of various forms of Marxism. They still are more interested in reading Joseph Schumpeter, Leszek Kolakowski, Adam Smith, Milton Friedman, or Friedrich Hayek than in reading premodern metaphysicians. The Neos write programmatically on policy, whereas titles such as "Atheism and Arms Control"* are not rare among devout Paleos.

Although there are not many ideological differences between Neos and Paleos, Paleos tend to stress them, being clubby, if not sectarian. The Neos' revelations were quite familiar to Paleos, who frequently are not above saying so. Paleos don't really believe that anyone should call himself a conservative unless he can show a certificate from his parish priest or, at least, from Russell Kirk (Bill Buckley will do only in an emergency).† Though most Paleo intellectuals are devoted Christians, they seem rather unenthusiastic about the parable of the Prodigal Son. The Neos tend to be more inclusive and latitudinarian. They also have many suspect allies.

Sidney Hook warned us of Communism (having flirted with it himself for a few months) when most intellectuals still thought of it as liberalism adapted to Russian peasants. Hook was a pioneer and is justly admired by the Neos. Yet, he is not conservative at all. He has many reservations about capitalism and tends to think of himself as a socialist, believing in the free market of ideas, but not necessarily of goods and services. He is a humanist, opposed to religion and to much of the conservative agenda. Yet Hook has opposed cruelty and Communism brilliantly and consistently. An atheist, he loves freedom and democracy better and more than many a bishop. Unlike Hook, Neoconservatives not only oppose Communism, but also favor capitalism. Still, they welcome his support, recognizing convergence on important issues. Paleos, however, don't quite know what to make of Hook—or of anyone who is Godless, yet humane and anti-Communist. The world would be simpler if all atheists were Communists; and we all long for a simpler world.

Milton Friedman firmly believes in the free market and in freedom, but is no conservative. I have not asked him, but am reasonably certain that he does not like, but would not outlaw, pornography or abortion, or insist on prayers in the schools. Most Paleos regard him with suspicion (it's mutual) but the Neos welcome his support. Certainly they have learned from him. Irving Kristol, on the other hand,



"THE DAMNABLE THING IS HE CALLS HIMSELF A CONSERVATIVE!"

or Midge Decter and Norman Podhoretz, or Robert Bork, are properly called Neoconservatives. Not only do they believe in the advantages of the free market and of liberty, they also share fairly strict views on public morality.

The priorities of Paleo- and Neoconservatives do differ. T. S. Eliot wrote: "If you will not have God . . . you should pay your respects to Hitler and Stalin."** In Russell Kirk's words: "The great line of division in modern politics . . . lies between those who believe in a transcendent moral order on the one side, and, on the other side, all those who mistake our ephemeral existence as individuals for the be-all and end-all."

Kirk's line of *political* division is wrong. Doctrinally his divide is legitimate and important but—I can't see how the empirical fact can be disputed—nothing much follows in terms of actual political morality. Catholics and Calvinists—believers all "in a transcendent moral order"—have at times acted in repulsively totalitarian and cruelly oppressive ways; at other times in democratic and humanitarian ways. So have "those who mistake our ephemeral existence as individuals for the be-all and end-all." One view is right and the other wrong. But either can be—and has been—used to justify almost any political and social order. A regime influenced by the secular Andrei Sakharov, or by the religious Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, would be an immense improvement over any Communist one. The disagreements of these admirable and saintly men are important; but the great political divide is not between Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn: it is between Communism and both of them.

Fortunately, the dogma of the Paleo leaders is shared by their followers only in symbolic form (e.g., prayer in the schools). Most conservative and religious Americans regard religion as a private matter—certainly not a *political* line of division. The Roman Catholic Church has renounced its tradition of *extra ecclesia nulla salvatio*: some Paleos have taken it over. But it always was an ecclesiastical, rather

**Intercollegiate Review*.

†Sigmund Freud—a man not well reputed among Paleos—wrote of "the narcissism of small differences" apropos of the resentment of those slightly different from oneself. The intellectual Paleos would delight him.

**In his own way Richard Weaver—sensible at other times—was even more radical, believing that the decline of the West started with the abandonment of realism in favor of nominalism by William of Occam in the fourteenth century.

than a religious, doctrine and never a political one. Still, some Paleos are busy zoning their territory to exclude the wrong kind of people, i.e., Neos.

Although many Neoconservatives accept religion (and all respect it) atheism is not their principal objection to Communism. Some think religion necessary. I do, although I do not see it as "the great line of division in modern politics." (I defended my view in *Partisan Review* in 1950,* emphasizing the social function rather than the truth of religion. The term "Neoconservative" had not been invented in 1950 but I was one.) Sidney Hook strongly objected. We have been good friends ever since.

Unlike many Paleos, few Neos are themselves involved with religious institutions, perhaps because the established churches have become encrusted with a clergy that interprets the Gospel the way the U.S. Supreme Court has been interpreting the Constitution. Many clergymen have been trying breathlessly to catch up with Marxism.

The Roman Catholic Church, even more than the Protestant ones, has always been allergic to economic reasoning. The love for the poor, the failures, the simpletons, the oppressed, and the degraded, which the Gospels so magnificently commend, has often been turned into a love for poverty and failure, and—more important—into a hostility to success and wealth, and to a system that permits either. Yet, the Gospels merely assign a low priority to worldly success. They are not hostile to it. Renunciation of the world is favored for the sake of one's soul. But merely being poor without having renounced anything is no virtue, any more than being rich without having deprived anybody is a vice. Helping is meritorious. Needing help is not.

The hostility of "liberation theologians" to capitalism has far more to do with Marx than with Jesus. Yet the established churches, contrary to their original mission, have become more worldly than their flocks. Salvation is barely mentioned in sermons. Political issues are. Bishops tell us that unilateral disarmament (ours) is a moral obligation. Human corruption is blamed more often on the American Government than on Original Sin. Churches have become so Pelagian that the old heretic himself must be scandalized, if he follows developments from above (or below). No wonder Neoconservatives, who, unlike Paleos, have no traditional bonds to religion, are not attracted.

AERICAN CONSERVATISM (and liberalism) differs from the historical European kind. European conservatives opposed the free market championed by liberals. Conservatives favored pre-industrial tradition, hereditary hierarchy, the gentry, and religion, not trade and industry. They (Bismarck in Germany, Disraeli in England) supported welfare measures that the liberals opposed as inconsistent with the market. American Neo- and even Paleoconservatives more closely resemble nineteenth-century European liberals. In Europe itself the old-style conservatives are a historical curiosity now. Mrs. Thatcher's conservatives hardly differ from American Neoconservatives (or from nineteenth-century English liberals). On the Continent, too, conservatives (Christian Democrats, Gaullists, et al.) favor free markets and democracy and oppose central planning and welfarism, redistribution and big government.

Today's conflict is between conservatives (Paleo and

Neo) and liberals. Liberals believe in disarmament, unilateral if necessary. They think it brings peace, not realizing that peace is the precondition for disarmament. Conservatives believe in "*si vis pacem para bellum*" and in helping anti-Communist forces everywhere to fight the expansion of Communist power.

Domestically, Neos and Paleos agree that the way to reduce crime is to punish criminals effectively. Liberals feel that they should be rehabilitated instead. Desirable, surely—but not feasible. Conservatives believe that our freedom, privacy, and security are threatened by criminals. Liberals think that the main threat comes from the police. (So, incidentally, do many libertarians.) Conservatives believe that the task of the criminal courts is to determine guilt or innocence. Liberals give priority to preventing the police from overreaching. They try to accomplish this by excluding evidence, however decisive, when it has been procured by a violation of law, intentional or not. In contrast, conservatives believe that anything relevant should be admitted. Anyone who violated the law in procuring evidence can be disciplined or punished separately.† Conservatives feel that the Constitution is meant to protect the law-abiding. Liberals, in practice, act as though the protection of criminal suspects and even of criminals must have priority.

Liberals also believe that poverty is relieved by compulsory redistribution, which they think morally justified. Conservatives rely on production and opportunity. Liberals like government initiatives; conservatives prefer private ones. Liberals favor, but conservatives oppose, affirmative-action quotas (reverse discrimination), which give priority to race or gender over individual merit and ability. In all this Neos hardly differ from Paleos. The Neos just offer more specific proposals and argue their convictions, rather than treating them as self-evident.

The Neos had no mass following when they were still leftists and remain chiefs without injuns. The only injuns available are Paleos, some of whose leaders feel that the Neos ought to take their place at the end of the line and let traditional Paleo leaders get the rewards of years of faithful service. The resentment is understandable, yet petty and counterproductive. The Neos have talents that should be used to serve the conservative cause, which needs more intellectuals, wherever they come from.

Among conservative magazines the Paleos have *Modern Age*, *Chronicles*, *The Intercollegiate Review*; the Neos have *Commentary*, *The Public Interest*, *The National Interest*, *The New Criterion*. NATIONAL REVIEW occupies a special position. It put conservatism back on the intellectual map long before a distinction between Paleos and Neos could begin to matter and is hospitable to both Neos and Paleos, as the leading conservative ought to be. *The American Spectator* too is hospitable to all conservative currents and publishes first-rate articles.

As to the future, the mantle of the prophet sits uneasily on my shoulders. It seems likely that Neos and Paleos will converge more. If they do, conservatism has a great future. If they don't, it may only have a great past. □

*Republished in Sidney Hook's *The Quest for Being* (1961).

†Prosecutors who depend on the police may not want to irritate them by prosecution. But separate prosecutors, whose only task would be to prosecute crime by police, would not have this concern.

CABINET PORTRAIT

*Richard Darman is lauded—
even by some who used to know better—
as a supply-side hero and architect of the 1981 tax cut.
Not quite. Instead, meet Richard Darman,*

PINBALL WIZARD AT THE FLIPPERS

PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS

THROUGHOUT HIS previous career in Washington, Richard Darman, newly appointed director of the Office of Management and Budget, has been an "aide of." It has chafed him terribly. "Aide of Elliot Richardson." "Aide of James Baker." On occasion the irritation has exploded in vehement exclamations: "I am Assistant to the President!" "I am Deputy Secretary of Treasury!" No doubt positions too high to be described as "aide of," but journalists delighted in torturing his sensibilities.

Now that Darman is a full-blown member of the Cabinet, his press hecklers will probably describe him as "aide of George Bush." It will drive Dick wild.

Darman's career as political appointee has benefited from clever bosses adept at manipulating the media, and he has handed out his own share of leaks. But despite the flourishing symbiotic relationship, many in the media don't really like him, and occasionally they savagely turn on the hand that feeds them.

In April 1985 *Washingtonian* magazine caught Darman at work. When he departed from the White House staff to join the Treasury sub-Cabinet next door, he received a long tribute to his achievements in the form of a letter from President Reagan. The letter, which hangs proudly on Darman's wall, presents Reagan as being overwhelmed by the scope of Darman's efforts and unwilling to take personal credit for the successes of his first term, instead attributing them to "your [Darman's] extraordinary personal contributions." Darman's listed accomplishments include literally everything that happened in the Reagan Administration. Moreover, the President couldn't make any major foreign or campaign trip without the indispensable Darman. After liberally quoting the heady praise, the magazine disclosed that Darman was the actual author of the letter.

Darman's ode to himself is revealing: "Your abilities, your intelligence, and your willingness to work long hours are well known in Washington because they have been your trademark for many years. With such an extraordinary combination of talents, there is no question in my mind that you could have been a success in any career you chose. But, while you have been successful in both

the business and academic worlds, you have chosen to devote yourself instead to a career that has chiefly been oriented toward public service. Knowing you as I do, I know that it is your deep love of America, and your strong belief in its future greatness, that has impelled you to make this choice."

Despite the mirth he inspires, Darman's peers had best take him seriously. His gigantic ego makes him a danger to everyone in the Administration, himself included. Darman sees appointed office as a Pac-Man game: destroy the other players before they zap you. He is likely to clash with John Sununu, and not even George Bush and Jim Baker are safe from attack. It is well known that Bush and Darman dislike each other, and eyewitnesses report that Darman prostrated himself in the most pathetic fashion to get the OMB job. There is tension even in his relationship with his "alter ego," Jim Baker, and a falling-out with Jim could mean the end of Mr. Darman.

I QUALIFY WITH "could" because Darman has survived treason to the king in the past. In his book, *The Triumph of Politics*, Reagan turncoat David Stockman describes Darman as his principal co-conspirator in his effort to block and then overturn Reagan's 1981 tax cut. Stockman describes how he and Darman met in his office on September 18, 1981, "to design the retreat" from the tax cut before the President's signature on the bill was dry.

Their plan was to "set off the alarm bells about the swelling deficit" resulting from the economic slowdown engineered by Federal Reserve Board Chairman Paul A. Volcker, and to manipulate these deficit fears in order to block implementation of the tax cuts. Stockman reports that he and Darman agreed that "the second and third installments of the 25 per cent tax cut would have to be delayed by at least a year." That would have shifted the two 10 per cent tax-rate reductions back to July 1, 1983, and July 1, 1984—near the end of Reagan's first term.

"How are we going to get this done?" Stockman asked Darman. "Darman said we should go to Baker first . . . then the three of us would work on Meese. . . . Then, the four of us would surround Don Regan and bring him on board." Then they would knock off the President. "Complete secrecy and swift action were imperative."

Mr. Roberts, who was assistant secretary of the treasury for economic policy in 1981-82, currently holds the William E. Simon chair at the Center for Strategic and International Studies.

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BUT YOU will find them in coming issues of *National Review* (and *only* in *National Review*). Articles like these are important to you for this good reason—they keep you in touch with the “other” point of view, and that’s come to be a necessity for the truly informed person in these days of “homogenized” news reporting.

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Stockman lists his other, unsuspecting, allies: "The unions, civil-rights organizations, and Poor People's Lobby staged their big anti-Reagan demonstration in front of the White House that Saturday. Next week's papers would be full of wild charges of unfairness and hardship due to the budget cuts. That would only scare the already timid Republican politicians, at the very moment" that Stockman and Darman had scheduled "the next round of battle" against the President's economic program.

I can independently verify the truth of Stockman's account, because Treasury Secretary Donald T. Regan unleashed me to break up their play. If Stockman and Darman had succeeded with their plan, there never would have been a tax-rate reduction beyond the first 5 per cent that they were willing to permit. Had the Administration caused its own tax cut to be legislatively delayed, it would have been lost forever to the budget deficits that resulted from what Nobel economist James Tobin calls the "Volcker depression." And Ronald Reagan would almost certainly have been a one-term President.

OF COURSE, Stockman and Darman were unaware of the on-rushing recession only one month away that would dump \$200-plus-billion deficits in the Administration's lap. They were fired up by comparatively paltry stuff. Stockman reports in his book: "The sheet I handed Darman showed that the 1984 deficit could be reduced by \$21 billion by delaying the tax cut." This is an approximate measure of the true budget impact of the tax cut, but when the recession swelled the cyclical deficit to more than \$200 billion, Stockman and Darman blamed that on the tax cut, too.

Conservatives who did not follow the story closely still view Stockman as a hero who fought a losing fight against "deficit spending"; but in the postscript to the paperback version of his book Stockman proclaims his participation and that of "the President's chief fiscal advisors" in "what amounted to an open conspiracy to override the President's powerful resistance" to rolling back the 1981 tax-rate reductions. I still remember the day in the fall of 1981 when a bewildered Don Regan reported to his embattled assistant secretary that after Reagan angrily told his top aides, "There'll be no rolling back of the tax cut" and left the room, they turned to him and asked, "Don, can't the Treasury make a better case [against rolling back the tax cut]?" The President's men were simply unwilling to accept Reagan's decision to allow the enacted 1981 tax-rate reduction to go into effect.

Stockman's perfidy made him a multi-millionaire, and Darman went on to greater fame and *Wall Street Journal* canonization as a hero of the supply-side tax revolution. Darman's transfiguration into supply-side hero began at the 1986 White House farewell party for presidential speechwriter Ben El-

liott. Angry at Don Regan for high-handedly dispatching him, Elliott, who had put so many supply-side words in Reagan's mouth, pronounced Darman the hero of the tax reform. It was Ben's way of telling Don Regan, who had initiated and prepared the tax reform, to go to hell. But the audience misread Ben's sincerity, and soon Jude Wanniski had Darman repackaged as an architect of supply-side economics. Today Darman is a confidant of Jack Kemp.

These transfigurations are possible because the press has a short memory. On November 16, 1988, *Wall Street Journal* editor Robert Bartley in his lead editorial described Darman as a rare person who "has the courage of his convictions." The editorial praised Darman for displaying this rare virtue early in the Administration, when "James Baker and Richard Darman, in the face of much ridicule, stood their ground and put through the 1981 supply-side tax cuts." Bartley saw it differently in 1981-82 when Treasury supply-siders were demonstrating the courage of their convictions in defense of Reagan's tax cut. His *Wall Street Journal* editorials railing at the perfidy of the White House staff were all the support the Treasury had for its efforts to protect the tax cut. At that time Baker and Darman were widely praised in the rest of the media as pragmatists and compromisers who wouldn't let Reagan be Reagan, while the supply-side Treasury was excoriated for standing the President's ground.

Darman's reputation has also benefited from reporters in the *Wall Street Journal's* Washington bureau. In a 1985 puff profile of Darman, the bureau's reporters established a new record for fulsome praise without a single specific example of Darman's achievements: "a rising force in economic policy . . . Mr. Darman's influence is forcefully apparent . . . relentless drive and laserlike mind . . . abundant brainpower . . . keen understanding of the ways of Washington . . . brilliant, brainy, a strategic thinker . . . comes well-trained for exercising power." Since then, two of the bureau's reporters, Alan Murray and Jeffrey



**Darman is a 45-year-old government junkie.
Not even money can keep him away from
the Pac-Man game in Washington.
'Basically, I'm committed to public service,'
is how he put it to *Time* in 1984.**

Birnbaum, have written a "history" of the 1986 tax reform that portrays Darman and his boss, Jim Baker, as egalitarian heroes who courageously roped in rampaging lobbyists and allowed Ways and Means Chairman Dan Rostenkowski "to plow ahead with a bill that rolled right over the Republicans and their constituencies."

The House tax-reform bill championed by Darman was a disaster. The net effect of the bill would have been to raise the tax rate on new investment while providing a windfall profit to the owners of the existing capital stock. Had it become law, the cost of capital would have increased sharply, aborting the economic recovery. It required leadership from outside the Administration to prevent tax reform from becoming a Reagan disaster. Alan Greenspan, Norman Ture, Murray Weidenbaum, Richard Rahn, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and a surprising range of economic opinion, extending even to the present author, all testified before the Senate Finance Committee as to the ill effects the proposed bill would have on the cost of capital and on the international competitiveness of the American economy. Some Treasury officials themselves had reservations. Once these adverse economic implications became known, the Senate took a different approach and dramatically lowered tax rates to offset the loss of accelerated depreciation and the investment tax credit.

THE TAX-REFORM EPISODE, from which Baker and Darman have emerged as heroes, is a perfect illustration of how Washington works. Anyone who can get himself into a reasonably high position can create his own image by appropriating the ideas of others and manipulating leak-hungry reporters. Don Regan put tax reform on the agenda with the Treasury's detailed proposals in 1984. Baker and Darman did not support tax reform until they moved to the Treasury in 1985, after the idea had been popularized and the proposals debated. They inherited a revised Regan proposal and let the House Democrats run away with it. Without the Senate intervention and external pressure, tax reform would have been a disaster. But mere facts have not prevented these practiced self-aggrandizers from becoming supply-side saints.

As this incident shows, Darman is not a policy thinker and has little interest in the substance of policy. Rather, he focuses on controlling the play, as in a pinball game. In his own words: "You put a ball in play with a ballistic shot and now your world is filled with all kinds of bumpers and random possibilities. But the important thing is, the flippers are in your control." Or as Kenneth Duberstein, who from his White House position has had ample opportunity to observe him, told the *New York Times* in 1986: "Above all, Dick loves the process, the machinations." This often requires one to have a loose affiliation

with principle. In a recent column in the *Washington Times*, John Lofton describes Darman as "a sellout artist . . . more of the hair of the dog that is biting us."

According to *Time* (March 12, 1984), "Darman is at fundamental odds with the Republican Party's right wing, and with Reagan himself, in believing that effectively managed social programs can be an important force for good in U.S. society." This made Darman anathema to conservatives back then, but today he fits right in with the facelift conservatism has received from Paul Weyrich and his Free Congress Foundation, which would establish government social programs reflecting conservative rather than liberal values. Once again Mr. Darman is adroitly positioned and can look forward to a future editorial describing him as the architect of "cultural conservatism."

No doubt Darman was ecstatic when he made *Who's Who in America* and worked long and hard on his entry. The first line of his bio describes Richard Gordon Darman as "investment banker, former educator, business consultant, government official." Darman has been an "investment banker" for about a year of his life. His tour as "educator" consists of a short stint as a lecturer at Harvard on business policy and management (he has a Harvard MBA) and think-tank appointments while awaiting his next government job. And here his bio blossoms: "deputy assistant secretary, HEW, 1971-72; assistant to the secretary of defense, 1973; special assistant to the attorney general, 1973; assistant secretary of Commerce, 1976-77; assistant to President Reagan, 1981-85; deputy Treasury secretary, 1985-87." He was on the U.S. delegation to the UN Conference on Law of the Sea, the U.S. delegation to the Summit of Industrialized Countries, and a member of the ocean-policy committee of the National Academy of Sciences. He is a new trustee of the Brookings Institution.

Darman is a 45-year-old government junkie. He lives and breathes government to an extent that prompts friends to say: "Dick would feel comfortable working in a Democratic Administration." Not even money can keep him away from the Pac-Man game in Washington. He walked away from his investment-banking job as soon as he was offered a new Administration post. "Basically, I'm committed to public service," he told *Time* in 1984.

Now that he is a Cabinet peer in his own right, woe to anyone who does not give him due deference. According to *Time*, "Darman is unusually sensitive to anything that might be perceived as a slight within the pecking order. An aide recalls that Darman became seriously upset when his name was omitted from the official manifest at the funeral of Nancy Reagan's father in Arizona in 1982."

George Bush is more attentive than Ronald Reagan, and Darman might cook his own goose with his manipulative skills. If not, he will go on to another Cabinet post. For Richard Darman the reward of office is office. □

ROCK OF AGEDS

*In its early days, rock was the music of youth—
vital, fresh, full of energy.
As it and its practitioners have aged,
they have taken the only way out: into ugliness and evil.*

THAT OLD DEVIL MUSIC

STUART GOLDMAN

THEY'RE STANDING behind a railing in what appears to be some kind of warehouse. Eight or nine of them, a study in tattoos, stubble, and leather, leering, grunting, making hideous, contorted faces, seemingly in some kind of drugged or alcoholic stupor. On the other side of the railing, a huge, fat man—the guy must weigh four hundred pounds—is groveling on the floor with a half-naked wench. Music pounds in the background. The fat guy is screaming—little pig eyes shut tight, veins near-bursting in his forehead—"WILD THING! YOU MAKE MY HEART SING! YOU MAKE EVERYTHING GROOVY! WILD THIIINNNNG!!!"

The woman, clad in a filmy negligee that reveals, well, too much, leans forward, mincing and pouting at the camera and—wait a minute! Is that . . . ? Yeah, it *is*—it's Jessica Hahn! You remember—the one who was all over the news after her tryst with now-defrocked evangelist Jim Bakker. My, my. What wonders time doth perform. Two years after flaunting her "victim" status to every media outlet within earshot, the scantily dressed Miss Hahn is planting a big, wet smooch directly on the mouth of her buddy, comedian Sam Kinison, as the blitzed-out bunch of onlookers howls its approval.

But don't get excited. It's only TV. MTV, that is—music television, to the uninformed. Kinison and Miss Hahn—surrounded by a chorus of high-ranking members of the rock elite (Billy Idol, Slash, Steven Tyler, among others) are performing in a video of Kinison's new song (a remake of the old Troggs classic), "Wild Thing." Miss Hahn gets a chance to show off her new face and breasts (courtesy of *Playboy* publisher Hugh Hefner), while Kinison uses his magnum-screecho voice to make the transition from comedian to rock 'n' roll singer.

To call this video soft porn would be kind. Certainly there is nothing soft about it. This thing is *ugly*, man, deliberately ugly.

Let me pause for a moment to make a confession. I am a refugee from the world of rock 'n' roll. After eight years playing guitar in nightclubs and two on the road as a member of a band—recording contract, Greyhound bus, roadies, the whole bit—I bailed out in 1975 with a case of severely jangled nerves, a blown-out eardrum, and not

much else to show for the "dues" I'd paid. After several more years as a pop-music critic—in which I wrote for all the usual publications—I finally threw in the towel. I didn't want it any more. No more smoky nightclubs, no more bad music. Today, I'm as foreign to the world of rock music as a fish out of slime. And it was with that attitude—that of an observer, an émigré, an alien—that I re-entered that world to see where it had gone some 35 years after its birth in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1954.

FIRST I SUBJECTED myself to a 42-hour MTV blitz (oooooh, my *head!*). Then some routine fact gathering. On the night table next to my bed sits a stack of magazines: *Rolling Stone*, *Spin*, *Rip*, *Heavy Metal*—copious notes scrawled in the margins. Then, a couple of days' de-tox time. When all is said and done, my reaction is . . . *What in God's name happened?!*

First things first. Today, rock 'n' roll is the most prosperous industry in the world. The average person between 13 and 26 listens to two to three hours of rock music per day. The rest of us are bombarded by rock music—on car radios, on television, at the gym, in the dentist's office, and at the shopping mall. Most films today feature rock soundtracks. In short, there's no escape. Rock's sheer pervasiveness makes it the most profound values-shaper in existence today. Unless you are deaf, it's virtually guaranteed that rock music has affected your view of the world.

The problem is that present-day rock has little to do with the original form that began in the Fifties. Back then, the music business was populated by artists with real talent and original vision. Elvis, Buddy Holly, Fats Domino, Chuck Berry, the Everly Brothers, and Jerry Lee Lewis—to name only a few—all contributed genuine vitality, energy, and artistry to the music they made.

It was precisely because of this freshness and rhythmic force that rock so quickly replaced the tired popular music of the day—the last whimpering exhalation of Fifties crooners. By 1960, it had conquered and subjugated a generation.

Then, in the 1960s, rock split and went in two distinct directions. The reigning supergroups of the decade—the Beatles and the Rolling Stones—each paved the way for

Mr. Goldman is a nationally syndicated columnist.

countless bands to follow. The Stones were the progenitors of the look, the sound, and most importantly the attitude that every heavy-metal outfit today utilizes. The Beatles' combination of cuteness and artiness (not to mention their excellent musicianship) gave birth to softer, more melodic, and less primitive groups like U2 and the Talking Heads.

To oversimplify greatly, rhythmic rock divorced itself from melody and ended up as a relentless percussive assault on the human ear; and melodic rock, gradually downplaying its debt to rhythm, evolved into a beatier version of the Fifties popular music it had replaced. Thus Paul McCartney, who has penned songs that rank alongside Irving Berlin's as true classics, has become just another saccharine schlockmeister; while the Rolling Stones have been transmogrified into ludicrous parodies of themselves.

There's a paradox here. One of the prime reasons that rock sells across the board is that it perpetuates the myth of eternal youth. But the performers themselves needn't be young. Today, the music business is rife with middle-aged rockers, their faces now marked by crows' feet and double chins, their once fashionably skinny bodies now seriously thickened around the middle. Recently, a new supergroup consisting primarily of members over forty emerged on the scene. Calling themselves the Traveling Wilburys (catchy name!), the group consisted of ex-Beatle George Harrison, Fifties star Roy Orbison, former folkie Bob Dylan, Dylan impersonator Tom Petty, and Jeff (who?) Lynne. Fortunately for the band, which is decidedly mediocre, Orbison expired last month, giving it some much-needed cachet.

Mick Jagger, who's pushing fifty, may be the exception, the Eva Gabor of rock. Still boyishly thin, Jagger—who created the physical language (with a little help from James Brown and Tina Turner) for the rock star *cum* sex symbol—can still execute the moves. If he looks a little silly—well, who cares? Jagger is the official godfather to nine-tenths of today's pop stars, from Aerosmith's Steven Tyler to INXS's Michael Hutchence—and it looks as if he has every intention of keeping it up for another twenty years.

Now, a geriatric Jagger still rocking away, the picture of Dorian Gray sprung to life before our horrified eyes, might frighten the horses in the street. But he would still be less bizarre than, say, Sam Kinison, still recognizably a disciplined performer, a survivor.

BUT WHAT are the values that rock purveys? Back in 1966 Bob Dylan told an interviewer, "if people knew what this stuff was about, we'd probably all get arrested." The words *rock 'n' roll*—in the original patois drawn from the lingo of the blues and jazz players of the early Fifties—were synonymous with the sex act. But in the days of Elvis and Jerry Lee, there was a certain understated quality about the sexual content in rock. And

it was plain, old-fashioned heterosexual sex, generally "love," that was hinted at both in the twitching pelvis of Elvis and in the boy-next-door appeal of Ricky Nelson. Not so today. Sex is the main ingredient in rock music, and the artists and producers who crank it out make no bones about this. And we're talking about sex of every possible variety.

Not only is the music scene today rife with homosexual rock groups, like Frankie Goes to Hollywood, that hawk their lifestyle in their music, but the cleverer rock stars (David Bowie, Michael Jackson, Mick Jagger) maintain a calculated androgyny so as to appeal equally to both the boys and the girls. Likewise, female rockers like the lank-jawed Michelle Shocked, the bald-pated Sinead O'Connor, and the muscular Tracy Chapman have opted for the androgynous look. And we musn't forget Boy George—the first drag queen ever to achieve superstar status.

This heavy sexuality is not just a matter of atmosphere. Rock has become distinguishable from overt pornography mainly in degree. Snicker if you like, but a brief look at MTV will bear this out. Almost all of Prince's videos feature the half-pint superstar cavorting with a bevy of scantily clad women. Likewise the stubble-faced hunk, George Michael. Female rocker Lita Ford, hanging out of her low-cut T-shirt, gropes her guitar for all it's worth in her recent video. Perhaps the most blatant (and surely the dumbest) sex video on the tube today is "Let's Put the X in the Sex" (*just like a muscle and it makes me wanna flex*), by the over-the-hill glam-rock band Kiss.

But it is music selling itself under the moniker of heavy metal, performed by groups like Slayer, Coven, the Damned, and Cycle Sluts from Hell, in which sex appears in its most blatant and perverse forms. Primarily pushing sadomasochistic sex, heavy metal does not neglect occultism, suicide, and murder. You needn't go to a slasher film to see a woman being disemboweled in a satanic ritual—just turn on your local music video station. In short, rock has trivialized evil. Thus, songs like Slayer's "Spill the Blood" and "Mandatory Suicide," or The Misfit's "Can I Go Out and Kill Tonight?" are treated as silly or cute by the rock critics.

This would be still more depressing if there weren't a comedic element here. Just imagine a group of dour-faced politicians sitting around discussing the validity of lyrics like "*Bend over and smell my anal vapor / Your face is my toilet paper.*" (For these lyrics were indeed read into the *Congressional Record* during the 1985 Senate hearings on rock lyrics.)

It is not only the lyrics, however, that carry a strong message of sexual perversity. The stock costume worn by heavy-metal groups features torn T-shirt (or no shirt), leather pants with an ostentatious codpiece, boots, and an assortment of studs, chains, earrings, and other jewelry. Certain onstage antics are also de rigueur. The rocker must leer, grimace, sweat profusely, leap about like a spastic,



and emphasize his guitar's phallic potential for all it's worth. Meanwhile, the kids in the audience react on cue: they bash each other, flail about, crush themselves into a painful mass, thrust clenched fists in the air—in addition to your traditional displays of screaming, crying, and fainting familiar from the Rolling Stones fan club in the 1960s (average age: 11).

'ROCK MUSIC is the quintessence of vulgarity. It's crude, loud, and tasteless," wrote Robert Pattison in *The Triumph of Vulgarity*. But this vulgarity has a serious purpose: the undermining of traditional values. In order to obscure this fact, of which they themselves may be only dimly aware, rock stars have learned from their brethren in the film industry the value of entertainment doublespeak. Thus, after he was criticized for his highly explicit video of "I Want Your Sex," George Michael dutifully explained that the song was about "monogamous sex" (rock's idea of chastity).

Similarly, to show its concern for suffering humanity, *Spin* magazine (which emits constant attacks on traditional Judaeo-Christian values) features in each issue an AIDS column, which is not exactly up to *New England Journal of Medicine* standards. The November column, for example, tried to dissuade its readers from believing the "propaganda" that AIDS is a virus; rather, according to *Spin*'s experts, AIDS is a form of syphilis that can be easily cured by a simple injection of typhoid vaccine. The November *Spin* also had a first: a condom inserted between the pages of each copy. According to publisher Bob Guccione Jr. (right—his son), the condom was "a statement . . . an attempt to do something about safe sex."

Indeed, rock as a whole has mastered the art of turning depravity into good PR. Witness the numerous rock stars who have jumped onto the RAD (Rockers against Drugs) bandwagon. The basic schtick is simple: become an addict; then, after years of abuse, come clean (or at least *say* you've come clean—who checks, anyway?) in a heartfelt public statement. If this proves impossible, paying homage to a former bandmate who has died of a drug overdose will do in a pinch.

You might therefore be surprised to find that rock has its own code of ethics. In rock mythology, we are all brethren—one people—spiritually united with the cosmos. Punk, hard rock, minimalist rock, art rock—it matters not: this belief lies at the core of each of them. However, the rocker feels that we are kept from this—our "natural" state of oneness with the Universe—by "them": the government, teachers, politicians, our parents. All the usual suspects. "We Are the World," whose lyrics were written by Michael Jackson, was the most direct testimony to the pantheist-globalist basis of rock.

In celebrating this formless pantheist ideal, rockers follow in the great liberal tradition of grandstanding their humanitarian ideals. Let's see . . . we've had the Concert for Bangladesh, Live Aid, Band-Aid, Farm Aid, Hands across America, Human Rights Now!—not to mention innumerable benefits for AIDS (though no AIDS-Aid) and—oh, yes—Nelson Mandela's Seventieth Birthday. How much money or food actually gets through to the celebrated victim? Who knows—or, apart from Bob Geldof, cares? What is clear is that the events themselves present tremen-

dous opportunities for publicity. And we've yet to see multi-millionaires of the Springsteen/Sting ilk donating any significant percentage of their yearly incomes to the causes that are so beloved by them. Until that happens, I'm inclined to agree with Allan Bloom, who, in *The Closing of the American Mind*, writes off rock's humanitarian efforts as "a smarmy, hypocritical version of brotherly love."

Indeed, the true god of the rock belief system is the self, transmogrified into some vast collective cosmos. Rock pantheism is Me writ large.

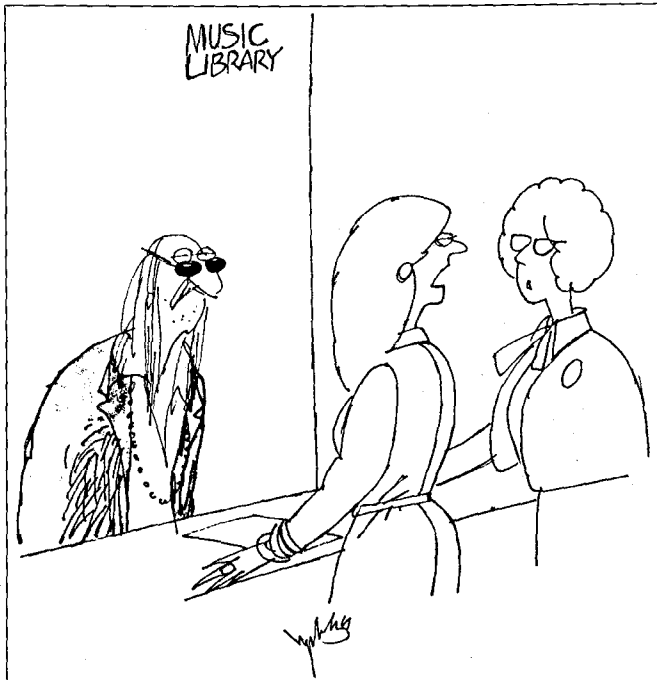
Once rock is viewed as a New Age system of thought and ethics, we are not surprised to find it anti-rational and obsessed with the present moment. In Bloom's words, "When the pantheist equates self and God, he demotes thought to a secondary role in the universe and elevates feeling as the fundamental way of knowing. . . . he does away with history and inaugurates a perpetual now. Rock follows this tradition. It is not only not reasonable, it is hostile to reason." Rock stands essentially for the liberation of emotion from the tyranny of reason. It is a revolutionary proclamation from the Id.

The politics of rock derive naturally from this theology. It is hopeless to expect any support for an ordered society from a set of emotional responses to the latest stimuli. Being a conservative and a rocker, for instance, is not really possible. (I concede that quite a number of conservatives act as though this were not the case.) Conservatism—a doctrine of balance, moderation, and restraints upon appetite (a "manly, regulated liberty" in Burke's phrase)—is and must be anathema to rock.

Marxism—also, in its way, a doctrine of order—has a more ambiguous attitude to rock. Sixties Marxists in the West were, of course, rockers all. They loved—still do love—to profess belief in the classless society. It sometimes seemed that Che Guevara had a string of hits rather than a string of revolutions to his credit. But Marxists in Marxist countries are fiercely hostile to rock, regarding it as a form of ideological poison. The contradiction is easily resolved, comrade, if we see rock as a disintegrative factor, undermining authority, spreading harmful practices and dividing families and generations.

Also, as Bloom says, "the Left has given rock music a free ride. Abstracting it from the capitalist element in which it flourishes, they regard it as the people's art, coming from beneath the bourgeoisie's layers of cultural repression." This is of course an illusion. Rock is created by writers and musicians who are largely middle-class in their origins and bourgeois in their view of money (if not in their lifestyles), and promoted by capitalist methods in a capitalist economy. The stance of rock may be anti-bourgeois, but as Eugene Ionesco points out, "All bourgeois are detestable, but the most detestable kind of bourgeois is the anti-bourgeois kind of bourgeois."

Is rock, then, "liberal"? Liberalism, it is fair to say, is helpless before any assault by rock on conventional moral standards. Hooked on an extremist interpretation of the First Amendment and on a wholly subjectivist notion of taste, liberals simply have no basis for resisting the wilder excesses of heavy metal. Equally, however, the liberal stress on "sensitivity" to the feelings of others, notably other groups, is often uncomfortable with the crude, hostile, and vicious elements in rock. Liberals prefer *Masterpiece Theatre*. Nor can feminists wholly approve the sexism in



"He wants to know if we have tapes for the terminally hip."

rock, as illustrated by, e.g., Jessica Hahn's erotic tumbling.

So if rock is neither conservative nor Marxist nor liberal, that leaves the anti-authority doctrine of anarchism. This is nearer to the mark; rockers routinely denounce "the system"—governments, parents, teachers, etc. However, they usually do this while driving around in limos, talking on car phones with managers, lawyers, and accountants. Ask any young rocker his dream and you'll find that it involves wealth, fame, and power.

Rock politics, in short, is a sort of parasitic anarchism. Rockers are comfortably aware that the hated system will doubtless outlive them, continuing to provide its despised benefits. At the heavy-metal extreme, this becomes a form of hypocritical nihilism in which all the normal values of civilized decency are sneered at and—in everyday business transactions—relied upon.

Thus, while rock professes a love of freedom, it is quick to attack any belief system that opposes it. The two most powerful rock magazines, *Rolling Stone* and *Spin*, consistently feature articles hostile to conservative thought. In a recent *Spin* article entitled "Music under Siege," Adam Greenfield whined for 1,500 words about a bill (introduced by the "notorious reactionary" Senator Strom Thurmond) that would punish producers of child pornography and other pedophile-oriented material. Greenfield calls the bill (which might well affect certain record producers) "a beach-head for right-wing brownshirts and geeks" and warns that it not only would have disastrous effects on groups like Screaming Cocks and Scraping Fetus Off the Wheel, but would "virtually deplete the entire content of modern culture." (That's how rock intellectuals talk.)

Most conservatives who work in the business (and there are some) remain in the closet. Mark Frejulian, manager of a stable of popular rock groups, puts it bluntly: "If you're in the business and you openly espouse right-wing ideals, you're out. If you're a conservative, you learn to keep your mouth shut." Frejulian related an incident in which a group wanted to inject a moral message into a

particular song. The record-company exec blew up. "Listen," he seethed, "the fans want sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll. If you're not prepared to give it to them, you might as well get the hell out of the business."

Former Chappell Music staff writer Eric Apoe openly admits his conservative beliefs. "This business's idea of ethics is having an AIDS benefit and singing songs like 'I Want Your Sex,'" Apoe scoffs. "It's absurd!" Though he agrees that the business can be tough on you if you're openly conservative, Apoe says he feels a moral responsibility to the audience. "I'm not going to be coerced into writing porn-rock," he states flatly. "I need to be able to look at myself in the mirror every day."

But rock has learned how to immunize itself from criticism by employing the standard liberal methodology. The moment you call rock's ethics into question, you are branded an enemy of "freedom of expression." Put rock down and you're "anti-art." At worst you're simply labeled "uncool." When Tipper Gore's group tried to get labels affixed to LPs simply warning buyers of the sexual content of lyrics, the rock world—led by Frank Zappa—howled en masse. All the usual labels—"fascists," "book burners," "Nazis"—were flung about. No one ever mentioned the aggressive tactics of the rockers themselves.

Rock music is junk food for the soul—a diet of sex, drugs, and non-stop pleasure-seeking which all too often is a deadly poison. I am not speaking figuratively, as witness the list of dead rock stars. Two of them—Jimi Hendrix and Jim Morrison—choked on their own vomit while in the throes of drug overdose. The King, Elvis Presley—his 280-pound body polluted by the drugs he had lived on—was found dead at the foot of his toilet bowl, his pajama bottoms around his ankles. One would be hard-pressed to call that a graceful exit.

Of course, dead rockers fit nicely into rock's philosophy. Courageous men and women who died in the full flight of creativity . . . shining stars who burned brightly, if only for a moment. Alas, the truth is less appealing. Rockers live in search of the impossible: an ever-fleeting pleasure that's always just out of reach, illusions of a perpetual youth that fades away, adoration from a fickle public that inevitably casts them aside in favor of a newer model. In the end, rock proves to be a cruel mistress.

"Rock 'n' roll will never die!" the rocker boasts, thrusting a clenched fist into the air. But the truth is, rock 'n' roll is already dead. It died in 1977 with its first god, Elvis Presley. What exists today is something else—a cheap imitation of the original model. In place of the musical vitality that inspired the pioneers, there is now merely the debased desire to shock and titillate. George Orwell, in his essay on Salvador Dali, "Benefit of Clergy," described the process whereby an artist solves the problem of his meager or failing talent. In doing so, he described the recent history of rock:

There is always one escape: *into wickedness*. Always do the thing that will shock and wound people . . . throw a little boy off a bridge, strike an old doctor across the face with a whip and break his spectacles—or, at any rate, dream about doing such things . . . gouge the eyes out of dead donkeys with a pair of scissors. Along those lines you can always feel yourself original. And after all, it pays! . . . You could even top it all up with religious conversion, moving at one hop and without

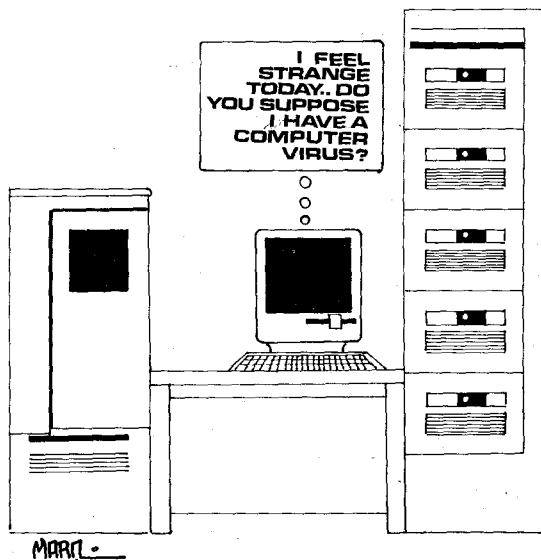
(Continues on page 59)



The Dark Side of Van Buren

Andrew Jackson freed the banks,
Then the bankers showed their thanks
Buying shaky real estate,
Which went bust and sealed the fate
Of the Veep, an Eastern dude
Who, with just one term, skiddoo'd.

W. H. VON DREELE



"I suppose you've been very busy compounding all day."

WHEAT
Chicago Tribune

The Adventures of
ROBINSON CASTRO
and his faithful companion,
"YESTERDAY"



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UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE

ROGER



THE FORTUNE SYNDROME

*Take a successful businessman, accustomed to looking at the bottom line,
invite him to a prestigious education 'summit,' and
it's 9 to 1 he'll come out sounding like an educationist.
Responses like the recent Boston Tea Party are all too few.*

EDUCATION AS FUNNY BUSINESS

CHESTER E. FINN JR.

BOSTON WAS THE scene of a rare event the other week. A group of prominent business leaders actually talked tough about the city's rotten schools and sought to use the private sector's financial muscle to press for change.

No, they didn't refuse to pay Massachusetts's exorbitant property taxes. But they did decline to contribute more corporate funds to the much-touted "Boston Compact" until significant reforms were visible in the school system. "We are not prepared," said Ferdinand Colloredo-Mansfield, chairman of the Boston Private Industry Council, "to endorse the expenditure of another \$100 million over the next four years if the rate of improvement will be no greater than it was the last four years."

The Boston Compact consists chiefly of a pledge by area employers to hire the city's high-school graduates, provided the school department makes satisfactory progress in boosting student achievement, reducing dropouts, and the like. Recently added was an arrangement to furnish poor Boston graduates wanting to attend college with "last dollar" aid, i.e., filling in the crevices left by regular scholarship and loan programs.

But the pace of change in the schools themselves has been snail-like, and the businessmen were disgusted. School-system leaders had promised in 1982 that all graduates would meet minimum competency standards in math and reading by 1986 and that the dropout rate would decline 5 per cent each year. In reality, though, the proportion of dropouts rose sharply, reading levels improved only marginally, and the school department never even got around to detailing the math standards.

Without faster and more striking improvement, the Private Industry Council said in November, forget the Compact. And to the earlier list of needed changes, it now added parental choice and school-based management.

The school system reacted as expected. "The business community doesn't have the right," whined school-committee chairman John Nucci, "to put a gun to the school committee's head and say, 'Get these changes done or else.'" Worse, he sputtered, the tycoons "tend to look at teachers as if they were widgets. . . . I do not

think we ought to worship at the shrine of the business community."

Whether any real change will come of this episode remains to be seen. But its mere happening is notable. Throughout the United States, the most conspicuous feature of business involvement with the schools has been soft-headedness. Indeed, one sometimes gets the impression that when normally hard-nosed capitalists turn to education reform, they check all their business instincts at the door. They suspend the analytic habits that made for corporate success and instead embrace the assumptions and value system of the education profession. They go native.

This doubtless endears them to the educationists, who are canny enough to welcome largesse without strings, concern without obligations, and accolades without accountability. Failure to attend to the bottom line, however, yields bankruptcy in education as surely as in commerce. Money, concern, effort, and ideas pour into the \$200-billion "industry" of primary and secondary schooling. Gobs of mediocrity come out the other end. One might suppose that businessmen, observing that lack of productivity and shoddy quality control are the central failings of American education, would conduct themselves in this domain like major stockholders of a dismally unprofitable business. Where is the return on the nation's investment?

YET THE BOSTON EXAMPLE is rare. More common is the mindset revealed at a highly publicized education "summit" convened by *Fortune* magazine in September, a session at which, reports the magazine's Nancy J. Perry, "More than one hundred leaders from business, government, and academia met to discuss specific steps business could take to help the schools." Eight pages of these ideas constituted the cover story of *Fortune's* November 7 issue. Some were inventive, most were reasonable, and all were well-intentioned. But one searches the paragraphs in vain for a single mention of accountability, for any hint that those running (and working in) the schools should be rewarded for success and punished for failure, for any suggestion of clear and exacting standards for all youngsters, for any clue that obstinate teacher unions, stodgy administrators, and mossy colleges of education might be part of the problem.

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Thus nobody suggested that shrewder use of technology might reduce personnel expenses, that the unit costs of schooling might be too high, that the desired product—a youngster who knows algebra, say, or can read French—might be produced in wholly different ways, that some programs and activities might actually be eliminated, that middle management may need to be slashed, or that different forms of capital investment can substitute for one another. Let's have none of that business talk, not at a meeting about education! With a couple of exceptions, every proposal emerging from the *Fortune* summit is part of today's conventional wisdom within the education establishment: more pre-school, fewer dropouts, better teachers, wider access to college, and vast dollops of school "restructuring"—a contemporary buzzword that is about as precise as "excellence" was a few years back.

This would not even be noteworthy had it been a meeting only of educators. But also present were senior executives of such successful firms as Coca-Cola, Ford, Procter & Gamble, Allstate, American Express, New York Life, Kodak, Lockheed, Motorola, and Time, Inc.

One supposes they know how to organize and run a profitable enterprise. But of course the CEOs don't actually organize or run meetings such as *Fortune*'s. The agendas for these sorts of affairs are typically set by educators or by the staffs of corporate public-affairs departments, company foundations, and businessmen's "public policy" associations, most of them members-in-good-standing of what Irving Kristol has termed the New Class. In other words, they might as well be educators. Most are liberals whose instinctive response to a societal shortcoming is to devise a governmental solution, whose normal view of federal, state, and local programs is that they should be more generously funded, and whose basic diagnosis of what ails American education is that there isn't enough of it.

These same folks dispense most of the corporate philanthropy that goes to education, and they give it to the same causes as the Ford, Carnegie, and MacArthur foundations do. They also avoid the same causes. In recent years they have, for example, been shunning two of the boldest and most promising ideas in the field: choice among schools and what E. D. Hirsch Jr. has dubbed "cultural literacy." They are seldom to be found in discussions of testing and measurement (except to scoff), of accountability systems, or of performance contracts and merit pay for teachers and principals. Instead, the company foundations support innumerable programs for "children at risk," "dropout prevention," and pre-school education. These are swell things to do, of course, warm, cuddly manifestations of "concern" that will effect no significant changes whatsoever in the basic school system. They are also precisely the same things that the mainstream foundations, federal and state agencies, and major education associations are working on. The agendas are identical. The business community has

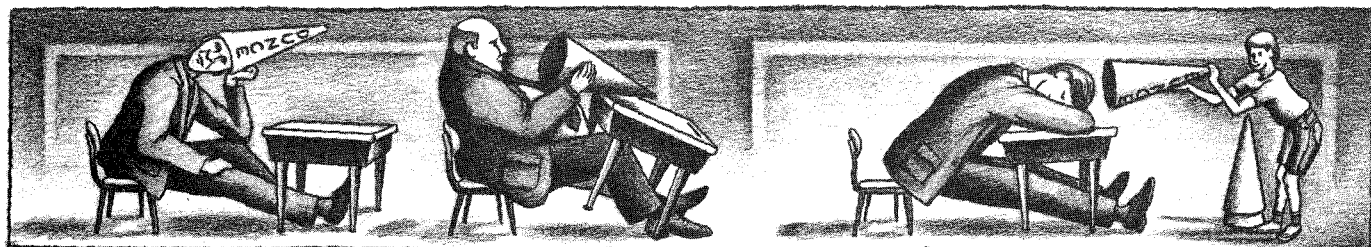
become just another cash cow in the establishment herd.

This is true even when businessmen's own organizations turn to education issues. Consider the Committee for Economic Development (CED), perhaps the most respected of these outfits. Its 225 trustees are a Who's Who of the nation's corporate leadership. Its objectives (such things as "preserving and strengthening our free society") are impeccable. Its financing is all private. But twice in the past three years, the CED's "research and policy committee" has addressed itself to education in highly publicized book-length "statements." The 1985 report had some virtues, doubtless due to the able assistance of Denis Doyle, then with the American Enterprise Institute. It edged up to the idea of choice ("universal magnet schools"), urged a core curriculum, and endorsed teacher career ladders. The 1987 report, however, entitled *Children in Need: Investment Strategies for the Educationally Disadvantaged*, might have been drafted by the platform committee of the Democratic Party. In the committee's own words, the report

urges business leaders, educators, and policymakers to look beyond the traditional classroom boundaries and provide early and sustained intervention in the lives of these children. It calls for new partnerships among families, schools, businesses, and community organizations that can bolster the health, education, and well-being of the whole child, beginning with the formative years.

Remember, this is represented as the policy advice of the business community. But when you hear about "early and sustained interventions" and "the well-being of the whole child," you can be pretty sure you are listening to the New Class and the "progressive" education establishment.

IT IS NOT, PERHAPS, entirely coincidental that the chairman of the CED panel that issued both reports was retired Procter & Gamble chief Owen B. Butler, and that Mr. Butler's beaming visage, surrounded by a rainbow coalition of smiling schoolchildren, also graces the cover of the aforementioned issue of *Fortune*. Mr. Butler has become one of the most popular speakers on the education conference circuit. He is an articulate, kindly, and public-spirited fellow. Probably he was a splendid CEO. But when it comes to education, Mr. Butler seldom mentions the hugely effective schools that, by dint of high standards, vigorous discipline, and strong leadership (and with no additional resources), are today succeeding with disadvantaged children from bad homes and dismal neighborhoods. He rarely says a word about holding educators accountable for their performance. He seldom suggests rewards, much less sanctions. No, Mr. Butler is chiefly an advocate of a great deal more schooling, and more money for schooling, beginning in the early years. Like much of the professional education community, he has succumbed to →



Trials of a Textbook Writer

IN THE WAKE of the shock of *Sputnik* there was a surge of enthusiasm for better, more demanding education. It was an exciting moment.

I was a college teacher of political science who had publicly expressed concern at the political ignorance of college freshmen. Because of my outspokenness, I found myself drafted by a private educational-research organization to develop a series of social-studies textbooks.

For 15 years I worked on this project. But the post-*Sputnik* enthusiasm for intellectual rigor turned out to be a brief, April-day glory. By the mid Sixties, anti-intellectual influences were once more in control. I found myself under constant pressure to sacrifice scholarly standards in order to inculcate some political or social doctrine.

In one of our books on world history we examined the causes of the Reformation, our account being approved by a Catholic bishop and the superintendent of Lutheran schools in a big city. But objections came from a Baptist minister, who insisted that mentioning the doctrine of purgatory was equivalent to telling the children to believe it. (Query: How do you teach about Luther's objection to indulgences without mentioning purgatory?)

He also objected to references to "The Church" in chapters on medieval Europe. "But, Pastor," I pleaded, "you and I would not be Christians today, were it not for the Church in the Middle Ages."

"Ha!" he said, with flashing eyes, "I would!"

Then there were the passionate anti-socialists, with whom my sympathies largely lay, but who wanted me to suppress the fact that ours is and has been a mixed economy, and to denounce "farm supports." On the other side was the old education establishment that wanted to continue to analyze industrialization and economic development in the terms that Karl

Marx employed after steeping himself in parliamentary reports on conditions in British factories and mines in the 1840s—an analysis long since discarded by most economic historians.

The 1960s and '70s brought a legion of new interferences. A history book was boycotted in California (in effect it was vetoed) by two groups. Organized Filipinos wanted a total rewriting of the account of the annexation of the Philippines, which we analyzed in terms of the intense imperialistic rivalries of the great powers at that time. It was the time of the partition of Africa, of the division of China into spheres of influence, of the takeover by European powers of Burma, Indochina, and the Spice Islands. Japan joined the imperial scramble and took Korea and Formosa (Taiwan).

Yet the Filipino pressure group wanted the story of the Philippines told in Leninist terms: the capitalist "sugar interests" of the United States compelled President McKinley to annex the islands in spite of a flourishing independence movement led by Emilio Aguinaldo. I would have been willing to mention this, although I'm opposed to loading the average youngster with unnecessary names and complications. However, that would not have satisfied the critics, who refused to recognize that a failure by the United States to take responsibility would have led to a race for Manila between the German Empire and Great Britain.

The other veto came from Zionists who opposed reference to the fact that the population of Palestine before 1947 was predominantly Arab. It is difficult to explain persisting tensions in the Middle East if such fairly relevant statistics are suppressed.

One of the more fatuous vetoes came from a state whose committee on ethnic and sex discrimination took strong exception to our account of the beginnings of effective feminism in the 1860s and '70s. We had pointed out that certain economic and technological advances opened the way of emancipation to large numbers of women. Ready-made clothes and commercially canned foods freed them from major

domestic chores; public schools took over education and much babysitting; education and jobs opened up for more and more young women. All this seemed too obvious to argue about; yet the committee rebuked me for attributing the emancipation of women to technology rather than to "character and self-assertion." I could only ask which of us was impugning the character and self-assertion of women. It was the committee that assumed that women had been lacking in those qualities from the Garden of Eden until the late nineteenth century.

Other dismal memories come to mind from those years. The Japanese-American critic, for example, who objected to our accurate statement that there were proportionally more Japanese-Americans in executive and professional positions than any other group could boast. "Delete this!" said our critic. "It reinforces the myth of success!"

There was also the running battle with moral relativists, typified by a squabble over the caption for a photograph of vandalism in a second-grade textbook. Our caption said something to the effect that everyone had to pay for this stupid behavior. "Delete 'stupid'; it implies a value judgment." To which the only response is: "Yes! It is a value judgment, and second-graders can appreciate it."

IMUST NOT forget some vetoes from the right. Our version of American history came under fire for approving labor unions, and for recognizing the value of minimum-wage and maximum-hours laws. One stricture surprised me. In discussing the Louisiana Purchase we remarked on the fact that Jefferson went against his strict-constructionist principles in the purchase. For this we were condemned on the grounds that mentioning this fact made Jefferson "appear inconsistent." Apparently students must be taught that politicians—at least politicians like Jefferson—are "constant as the northern star."

What we need in education are fewer guilt-ridden soft hearts and more intellectually tough hard heads.

—RAYMOND ENGLISH

Mr. English is a senior fellow, responsible for educational studies, at the Ethics and Public Policy Center.

→ what William Bennett calls the “fallacy of the 14-egg omelet.” (This proposition says that an inedible 12-egg omelet served up by a bad chef with a lousy recipe and no culinary skill can be transformed into something delectable by adding two more eggs to the mixing bowl.)

The point is not to pick on Mr. Butler. There are many like him in the business community. And they do not confine themselves to speech-making, report-issuing, and summit-attending. They also sponsor school-business “partnerships,” which have been proliferating wildly. An Education Department survey estimated that 141,000 of these were under way during the 1987-88 school year, affecting about a quarter of all public-school students and about 40 per cent of the schools. The partnerships vary greatly, of course, from cash grants to loaned speakers, from contributed computers to the after-hours use of company facilities, from awards for schools and recognitions for teachers to scholarship programs for students, from math tutors to pizzas-as-incentives-for-children-to-read.

Practically all of these partnerships are decent and constructive endeavors. They are presumably the sort of thing George Bush had in mind with his “thousand points of light.” And they aren’t necessarily cheap. Hayden W. Smith of the Council for Aid to Education recently estimated that corporate support for pre-college education totaled about \$200 million last year. Some individual outlays are sizable; General Electric, for example, has just pledged \$20 million in an attempt to boost the number of inner-city high-school graduates who go on to college.

Sizable yes, stupendous no—not in an era of \$20-billion corporate buyouts and a \$200-billion school industry, nearly all of it financed with tax revenues. The corporate largesse can certainly alter the circumstances of individual youngsters, teachers, and schools. Its overall significance, however, is more apt to be symbolic than decisive—*except* insofar as it winds up influencing public policy toward education. And that, of course, is the precise intention of the architects of these corporate charities and partnerships.

This is no secret. At least, the *Washington Post* figured it out. Observe the reasoning of its editorial in mid-November 1988 in praise of business-school partnerships:

When successful business people and inner-city kids enter enthusiastically into relationships such as this, the results can be dramatic and heartening—and the lessons can go in both directions. Many of the CEOs thus drawn into the schools have come away with a sharpened interest in larger education reforms: far from seeking to cut funds, many have begun to work for full funding of programs such as Head Start and for broader improvements in teachers’ work lives and principals’ autonomy. And when such prominent new allies lobby city and state government on the schools’ behalf, they tend to be heard.

Lobbying is not the whole story, however. A number of business incursions into education are well conceived. Burger King, for example, despite its recent corporate tribulations, underwrites scholarship programs and a classy four-day fete each year for outstanding teachers and principals from across the country. A group of Chicago-area companies has just opened its own “corporate-community school,” meant to demonstrate how sound principles and old-fashioned practices (e.g., home visits by teachers), unencumbered by school-system regulations, can deliver a bang-up education to disadvantaged youngsters.

Also noteworthy are the individual philanthropists who, following Eugene Lang’s lead, have been “adopting” entire classrooms of inner-city seventh-graders and promising to put them through college if they finish school. (The best of these ventures include tutoring, advising, and moral support along the way.)

Some corporate types keep a grip on reality even when they turn to issues of education policy. The Minnesota Business Partnership, for example, has steadily pushed for school choice and accountability—and the legislature recently embraced the former principle, making Minnesota the first jurisdiction in which any child may attend any (public) school in the entire state.

Chicago business leaders have also pressed for less bureaucracy and more market responsiveness in that city’s horrendous school system, and last year their Detroit counterparts grew so alarmed by the educational meltdown as to run (successful) insurgent candidates for school board. Business backing of the initiatives of “education governors” such as Tennessee’s Lamar Alexander and South Carolina’s Dick Riley helped them prevail over teacher-union opposition. And a splendid book by Xerox’s David Kearns (*Winning the Brain Race*, co-authored by the aforementioned Denis Doyle) contains policy recommendations almost as gutsy as Bill Bennett’s.

D OUBTLESS THERE ARE other examples of businessmen who don’t go squishy when they pass through the looking glass into the land of education. The Boston episode was not unique. But it was unusual. Tough-minded merchants who wouldn’t dream of asking doctors to design efficient health-care policies or inviting social workers to straighten out the welfare mess are nevertheless apt to trust the instincts of the professionals who inhabit this field. Thus the fall 1988 meeting of the Business Council was full of solemn talk of education woes. But who was invited to the posh Homestead resort to inform and advise the nation’s corporate chieftains on this grave matter? Teacher-union chief Albert Shanker and establishment kingpin Ernest Boyer. Do you suppose that if it had been a session on the failings of American foreign policy the Business Council would have summoned Corazon Aquino and Andreas Papandreou?

The choice of experts is symptomatic of the underlying malady, which is the choice of ideas. And here *Fortune* has in the past half-year become the handbook of folly. In the education section of its “agenda for President Bush,” published in January, the editors proposed slashing the child-care tax credit, being cautious about expanding the successful and popular “magnet school” programs, and under no circumstances going forward with the new tax credit that candidate Bush had suggested as a way of helping families pay for child care. Why? Because some families “will use it for food, shelter, luxuries, even cocaine.” So don’t trust parents with additional resources to use for the benefit of their children. “A far wiser idea,” proclaimed *Fortune*’s policy savants, “would be to give the money to the states to expand their early-childhood programs for the disadvantaged.”

Why is it that in education more than in practically any other domain, the business community cannot be counted on to hew to its own precepts? □

NUKE TALK

*The very power of nuclear weapons makes them almost impotent—
one of the many ironies of the nuclear age.
From the first nuclear blast to the INF treaty,
PBS explores them more honestly than one might have expected.*

FACT AND FICTION ON THE NUCLEAR AGE

KENNETH ADELMAN

BRACE YOURSELF for gobs of mushroom clouds if you decide to watch the 13-part PBS series *War and Peace in the Nuclear Age*, which began Monday evening January 23. Don't be put off, though. The series is much better than you'd expect.

This extravaganza—costing \$7 million, footed in part by seven separate foundations—is always gripping, continually educational, and mostly accurate. Billed as a blockbuster, it is. For here is television doing what it does best, conveying not information so much as emotion. Snuggled in your living room, you can feel the presence of the Bomb, whose birth and development coincided with that of television itself.

So you can undergo the nuclear experience with some immediacy—though nothing like that felt by physicist Philip Morrison, who sat ten miles away from the first atomic blast, just before dawn on July 16, 1945: He poetically described that experience on camera:

I'll never forget the sense of heat on my face, as though the noonday sun had appeared across the cold desert morning. To me that was much more important than the flash or even the rumbling, thunderous sound that came and echoed among the mountains a minute later. The real point was the sense of direct, intimate contact through the warming of the skin. But, of course, we were all awed and silenced by the extraordinary power of this thing which we understood in the numbers but not in the true experience.

That's the magic of the series, emotional contact. But just how important is the Bomb? Opinions differ.

The series is explained by PBS thus: "In the years since World War II, these nations have pushed each other to the brink. They have been willing to risk a nuclear war to preserve other values they believe in. This tension is the story." Gripping words, but are they true?

For what's amazing in our time is "the nuclear curse."

Mr. Adelman, who served as director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency from 1983 to 1987, is now vice president of the Institute for Contemporary Studies, national editor at Washingtonian magazine, and an instructor at Georgetown and at Johns Hopkins's School of Advanced International Studies.

Here's the real mushrooming in the nuclear era—the growing preposterousness of using nuclear weapons.

In the opening moments of the first segment, President Dwight D. Eisenhower says straight out, "Now, in any combat where these things can be used on strictly military targets and for strictly military purposes, I see no reason they shouldn't be used just exactly as you'd use a bullet or anything else." There's no evidence that Ike's words that day created an uproar. But no President today would whisper such words, fearing to be impeached or institutionalized if he did.

And no congressman would have dared say during the Vietnam War what J. Frank Wilson of Texas said during the Korean War:

We are dealing with mad dogs who have no regard for morals, human life, or decency. We must treat them accordingly. I urge that the atomic bomb be used if it can be used efficiently. These dirty Communists should be shown how tough war can be. In my books, one American boy is worth more than all of Asia.

Such has become intolerable. During my 12 years in government, I never heard one person mention, hint, or even kid about using nuclear weapons. Nuclear weapons have become like Banquo at the banquet, overshadowing everything else to some, not regarded at all by others.

The Bomb exists materially, but how about militarily or politically? Again, opinions differ. McGeorge Bundy, who has devoted his life to matters nuclear, has come to believe that the Bomb mattered (and matters) little in international politics. Sure, Eisenhower may have brandished it in Korea, but he wasn't serious. Presidents after him didn't even do that. John F. Kennedy, whose national-security advisor Bundy was, stood clear of any nuclear option even during the Cuban crisis. (And Nikita Khrushchev, evidence increasingly shows, was no closer to using the Bomb than Kennedy was.) Hence Bundy discounts any political or military shadow cast by nuclear weapons.

To me, it seems surprising that they did not have more of an impact in the immediate post war era. Logic dictates that nuclear advantage should make a difference. Yet the Soviets were at their most aggressive when we were at our

strongest. They busily gobbled up Eastern Europe when we had not just nuclear superiority, but nuclear monopoly. As a Soviet general I know, Nikolai Chervov, says in this series, "The [American] preponderance was very big, very big . . . The U.S. superiority was absolute. Apart from that, U.S. territory was at that time invulnerable." We couldn't have been much safer between 1946 and 1949, but somehow we didn't feel very safe.

This series harps on the nuclear numbers, as if ten thousand of these Things is much worse than eight thousand. The Voice, mellow and authoritative throughout the series, tells us that in today's nuclear arsenals, the equivalent of two and a half tons of dynamite exist for each human being on earth.

Sure, it's bizarre. But is it more frightening than one and a half tons? One ton? Half a ton? Was it much better—was the world so much safer?—before these numbers spiraled? In sum, the series makes too much of nuclear accountancy.

AS IN MOST TALES, the absorbing parts come early. "Dawn," the first segment, explains how the discovery of fission in Berlin led many American and British scientists to presume that the Nazis could get the Bomb first. Actually, they never entered the race. Personality affects history in strange ways, and here's a prime instance. German scientists knew their man. Once Hitler learned of some gadgetry, like a kid he'd want it instantly. Had he been told of the Bomb's potential, he would have pushed his scientists mercilessly. If they didn't deliver, they'd pay. Knowing this, they downplayed the project; this caution, along with wartime budget restraints and other factors, removed them from the race for the Bomb.

So the war in Europe ended unaffected by the Bomb. Yet the war in Asia ended because of the Bomb. President Truman did not flinch when ordering it dropped. That two bombs were discharged has been questioned ever since. Postwar documents demonstrate, though, that the Japanese Cabinet was reluctant to surrender even *after* Hiroshima. It took the blast at Nagasaki to bring surrender.

A few years afterward, the Soviets found the key to building the Bomb. And, in a decade, they were going strong, as Khrushchev (in some great footage) boasted that in the USSR "production of rockets is now a matter of mass delivery, like sausages that come out of an automatic machine."

The series makes much of the point that Air Force intelligence and the CIA overestimated Soviet nuclear power in those early days. This was true for Soviet air power, but it was not true overall. U.S. intelligence has more often *underestimated* the Soviet strategic buildup. We were continually caught short on the timing and extent of Soviet buildups both of land-based and of submarine-based missiles. U.S. intelligence has done even worse on estimating Moscow's overall military level of effort.

I served in the Pentagon when the CIA (under George Bush) doubled the estimate of Soviet defense spending as a percentage of its GNP in 1976, from the 6 to 7 per cent range, to the 13 to 15 per cent range. Today's slightly higher percentage seems another underestimate, at least according to Soviet economists. Equating U.S. and Soviet military spending and estimating the Soviet GNP according

to numbers put out by Soviet State Planning Committee (Gosplan) puts Soviet defense spending at around 25 per cent of total output. That's where the Chinese have put it for several years now. Their intelligence may have been more on target than ours.

Glasnost can help settle such matters, as it helps shows such as this. While the series's Western film clips are superb, those from the Soviet Union (including interviews conducted during four recent trips there) are startling. Obviously the PBS crew found the *glasnost* more than half full.

Here's Soviet analyst Henry Trofimenko unabashedly relishing the day *Sputnik* soared: "Americans are still on the ground. We are in space! We always were secretly envying the Americans for their technical prowess. And now we are America!"

Here are other Russians admitting their rocket forces could, in theory at least, take out our ICBMs in a first strike. And here are Soviet diplomats admitting they yanked technical assistance on the Bomb from China, and even mused about a military strike to keep the Chinese from making a Bomb themselves.

But the series's most intriguing character is not a Soviet. It's that intriguing American, Robert Strange McNamara. Quite properly, PBS bestows on him a separate segment entitled "The Education of Robert McNamara." It tells of the "progression" in McNamara's thinking. Taking office in 1961, he's confident of the utility of nuclear weapons: "We will use [them] in whatever quantities, wherever, whenever it is necessary to protect this nation and its interests." Leaving office in 1968, he's confident of their inutility: "Nuclear weapons are not weapons. They have no military use whatsoever, except to deter one's opponents from using nuclear weapons."

One thing stays constant in such statements: that supreme McNamara confidence. No "ifs," "ands," or "buts."



"Oh, be realistic! What if everybody decided to disarm unilaterally?"

While I like McNamara personally, having discussed and debated nuclear issues with him over the years, I continue to be bothered, morally as well as intellectually.

An individual can change his mind, but McNamara changed his in such a way as to raise questions about his integrity. According to him in this series, as in a *Foreign Affairs* article a few years back, he came to believe in the mid 1960s that nuclear weapons "have no military use whatsoever," except as a last move of desperation or revenge.

If he believed this then, why was he saying and acting on the opposite? As this segment shows, McNamara was working tirelessly in the mid 1960s to sell NATO on "flexible response," which assumes if not asserts American use of nuclear weapons up the ladder of escalation. Either McNamara is not straight with us now—there's no reason to believe this—or, far worse, he was not straight with the American people and our allies then, when his word mattered more. Why was he telling U.S. Presidents *never* to use nuclear weapons (except in desperation; and then why?) while extolling the virtues of "extended deterrence"—a doctrine which asserts that the United States would come to Europe's defense, including with nuclear weapons, in response to *any* type of Soviet attack?

In recent years, McNamara triggered similar questions on the issue of Vietnam. In his stunning deposition for the *Westmoreland v. CBS* case, McNamara said he had concluded by the mid 1960s that the Vietnam War was unwinnable. Again, fair enough for someone to change his opinion, especially since his second thoughts turned out to be true.

new opinion from us, especially when American blood and honor were involved. To put it politely, it would have been nice, when American boys were being killed during those years, if the man who was sending them to their death had believed what he was saying about the "light at the end of the tunnel."

McNamara's confident views have stayed consistent in one area: on SDI. McNamara opposed ABM, SDI's previous incarnation, back then and opposes SDI even more now. For he has said recently that Moscow would "be justified in shooting the [SDI] system down, even in peacetime," so provocative is that system.

Back in 1967, McNamara jawboned Aleksei Kosygin at Glassboro. He tells on camera how the Soviet premier's face reddened when McNamara pleaded with him to outlaw ballistic-missile defense. Kosygin sputtered the words, "Defense is moral. Offense is immoral."

A Russian official then comes on the air to tell us that the Soviets were "educated by McNamara." After Glassboro, they switched positions (to "Defense is immoral, offense is moral"?). Regardless, it must have been a stealth learning, since Soviet leaders continued to praise ballistic-missile defense. Major General Nikolai Talenskiy, for one, stated in the early 1970s that

when the security of a state is based only on mutual deterrence with the aid of powerful nuclear missiles, it is directly dependent on the good will and designs of the other side, which is a highly subjective and indefinite factor. [An ABM system] enables the state to make its defenses dependent chiefly on its own possibilities.

Quite sound, actually. Moreover, the "McNamara education" seemed not to affect the Soviets' ABM programs. After signing the ABM treaty, the Soviets actually increased spending on strategic defense. Since then, they have doled out more on strategic *defense* than they have on strategic *offense*. In contrast, U.S. allocations for strategic defense have been one-sixth those for offensive weapons during the same years. All told, the Soviets have devoted up to 15 times the level of effort to strategic defense that we have.

So it seems, contrary to McNamara, that the Soviets are not averse to strategic defense *per se*, merely to its development and deployment in the United States. They are not against SDI, just against our SDI. They do not seek a world without defenses, only a West without defenses.

PBS GIVES ANOTHER American his own segment. In "Carter's New World," opposing views get aired, though *The Voice* leans one way. "More than any other recent President, Carter had a vision of peace," it tells us, but somehow we can't see how.

Sure, Carter pushed SALT II—marvelous footage has him standing in formal attire, choked up, while saying, "I will never have a chance so momentous to contribute to world peace as to see ratified this SALT treaty." In fact, he never had any such chance: a few short months after he and Leonid Brezhnev signed the treaty—more great footage shows Carter kissing Brezhnev on both cheeks—Soviet tanks stormed into Afghanistan. Carter quietly told how this action changed his opinion of the Russians more than anything else had done. He declared the invasion of Afghanistan the world's deepest crisis since the Cuban missile showdown. And he asked the Senate to stop its consideration of SALT II.

That SALT II could or would have affected world peace is presumed but never shown. Instead, we see Senator Scoop Jackson—oh, how we miss him—saying, "To enter into a treaty that favors the Soviets, as this one does, is appeasement in its purest form."

The case for SALT II is given, appropriately, by Paul Warnke. Carter is shown outside the White House telling how he "prayed a lot" over who should be the American negotiator. The Lord may have guided him to Warnke, but, watching Warnke, we wonder why. For he is then shown testifying how the United States and the Soviet Union resemble "two apes on a treadmill" with their arms race, and, more recently, dismissing the "window of vulnerability" of U.S. land-based forces as something akin to "a cross-hatch drawn on a brick wall."

Scoop Jackson demolishes such silliness simply. Moscow was clearly adventuresome in Cuba and in Berlin when we had overwhelming strategic superiority, he reminds us, before asking how they then might act with nuclear parity or even superiority.

This episode grows yet livelier when it moves on to Carter's early-1979 opening to China. "It stank," Warnke snarls. There he was, in the final stages of critical arms negotiations, and National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski has to spoil it all. Carter was duped into inviting Deng Xiaoping to Washington.

So on to Washington comes Deng, shown in charming

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DOE's Unilateral Disarmament

IN THE 1980 presidential campaign, Ronald Reagan promised that, if elected, he would abolish needless government agencies. High on his list was the Department of Energy (DOE). Once elected, however, he found that even in the short time of its existence DOE had, like most executive agencies, developed its own congressional constituency, which made eliminating it easier said than done.

Ironically, the President's failure to eliminate DOE has had an adverse impact on U.S. national security, as manifested in the recently revealed problems with the aging nuclear-weapons-production complex, especially the reactors at Hanford, Washington, and Savannah River, South Carolina [see also "On the Right," p. 63]. These reactors produce special nuclear material (SNM), primarily tritium and plutonium, for nuclear warheads. The problems at these sites have their genesis in the organization and bureaucratic priorities of DOE.

DOE was created in 1977 in response to the "energy crisis," by combining the allocative functions of the Federal Energy Administration (FEA) and the research functions of the Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA), which had absorbed the nuclear-weapons programs of the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) when that agency was abolished in 1974. The Carter DOE continued ERDA's focus on research into alternative energy technologies as well as FEA's emphasis on allocating energy supplies.

But President Reagan ended the "energy crisis" in 1981 (and by extension the *raison d'être* of DOE) with a single stroke: the decontrol of domestic crude-petroleum prices. Nonetheless, DOE continues to emphasize areas other than weapons production, even though at present nearly two-thirds of

the department's budget is for the weapons programs. And herein lies the source of the problems.

The nuclear-weapons-production complex is old and fragile, dating in some cases all the way back to the Manhattan Project of World War II. The condition of the complex did not seem to matter much during the heady days of arms control in the 1970s, when, in the euphoria surrounding the SALT process, many experts were predicting the end of the arms race. Unfortunately for the apostles of arms control, while the SALT process was moving ahead, the Soviets were making substantial qualitative improvements in their nuclear-weapons arsenal, improvements not matched by the United States. The result was a dangerously unstable strategic balance favoring the Soviet Union, which President Carter belatedly recognized when he signed Presidential Directive 59.

His conversion into a hard-liner had major implications, for PD-59 required an expansion and modernization of the U.S. strategic arsenal. The expansion in and of itself put immense stress on the weapons complex, but the requirement to modernize the arsenal created an additional problem. Since the 1960s survivability has been the overriding determinant of U.S. nuclear doctrine, which in turn has shaped warhead-design policy. PD-59 reinforced this emphasis, driving weapons designers to reduce the weight and size of warheads, substantially raising their yield-to-weight ratios. Smaller warheads have enhanced survivability because they can be fitted to smaller delivery systems, and smaller systems may be made more mobile, and may more easily be hardened. In addition, lighter warheads allow for extended range, increasing the area from which they may be launched. This makes targeting more difficult for an adversary.

But the smaller warheads require greater amounts of special nuclear materials (SNM), plutonium and especially tritium, in order to achieve the same explosive force as larger weapons. This placed a major strain on the nuclear-weapons-production complex.

At present the U.S. has no capability to produce plutonium. The N-Reactor at Hanford, Washington, was voluntarily shut down by DOE in January of 1987 for alleged safety problems. It will not be restarted.

The problem with plutonium production is partially offset by the scheduled retirement of older warheads, from which this element, with its half-life of 24,000 years, can be recovered and reused. Tritium presents an entirely different and far more serious problem. This gas, an isotope of hydrogen, "boosts" the fission trigger of the weapon, and thereby makes a major contribution to the design of smaller warheads. However it has a half-life of only 12 years. This means that it decays at the rate of 5.5 per cent per year, and must be continuously produced in order to replenish DOE's central stockpile and to recharge individual weapons. Tritium is produced by three reactors at DOE's Savannah River plant.

At present, all three of these reactors are shut down for alleged safety reasons. There is a consensus among national-security experts that if the reactors are not restarted soon, the tritium reserve may very well be exhausted by this summer. That in turn would force the U.S. to retire weapons from the stockpile prematurely in order to recover tritium for use in "higher-priority weapons." Since there would be no corresponding Soviet cuts, the result would be de-facto unilateral nuclear disarmament.

MEANWHILE, bureaucratic warfare within DOE, pitting what the *Wall Street Journal* calls the "safety bureaucrats" of the Department's Environment, Safety, and Health (ES&H) organization against the weapons-production managers, reduces the likelihood that the Savannah River reactors will be restarted any time soon. Critics of the ES&H approach contend that the bureaucratic imperatives of ES&H lead its personnel to demand the unreachable goal of zero risk.

How did DOE allow this sad state of affairs to come about? How did the

Mr. Owens is a professor of defense economics at the Naval War College in Newport, R.I. He was responsible for legislative affairs for the nuclear-weapons programs of the Department of Energy in 1985-1987. The views expressed here are his alone.

agency responsible for the development, testing, and production of nuclear weapons allow the nation to reach the point where it is in danger of being forced to reduce its arsenal with no *quid pro quo* from the USSR?

The problem is simple: DOE, with the exception of its Defense Programs organization, is not oriented toward national security. Instead, the agency as a whole is interested in what its congressional constituents are interested in: pork-barrel energy projects and making sure that nuclear waste is stored in someone else's state or district.

The problem was raised in 1985 by the President's Blue Ribbon Task Group (BRTG) on Nuclear Weapons Program Management. The BRTG report stated that "witnesses before the Task Group expressed concern that at times in the past DOE leadership has focused on activities and priorities other than DOE's national-security responsibilities." Since DOE upper management primarily reacts to congressional initiatives, it has tended to ignore the problems of the nuclear-weapons program until they become unmanageable. The production-reactor problem—which, as recent news stories indicate, has not arisen overnight—was never accorded the priority it deserved by the Reagan Department of Energy.

Interestingly, the Carter Administration, recognizing the implications of PD-59 for SNM production, had proposed building a new production reactor (NPR)—in fact, it had proposed building two—to replace the existing facilities, which were already near the end of their design life. But this proposal died during the early years of the Reagan Administration because of political disagreements over where to locate one or more NPRs, along with the ever-present budgetary concerns. While the Reagan DOE continued to study the feasibility of building an NPR, no action was ever taken, despite growing evidence of potential problems resulting from the age of the complex.

Belatedly DOE has begun to rectify the reactor problem. In August, Secretary of Energy John Herrington announced plans for the construction of two NPRs. One, a modernized version of the existing heavy-water designs, will be built at Savannah River. A second, using a new technology known as the high-temperature gas-cooled reactor (HTGR), will be sited at the Idaho National Engineering Laboratory at Idaho Falls.

Of course, Congress must appropriate

ward its most important function, the production of material for the U.S. nuclear deterrent, the decision to modernize would have been made at the beginning of the Reagan Administration rather than at the end, and much of the problem would already have been solved.

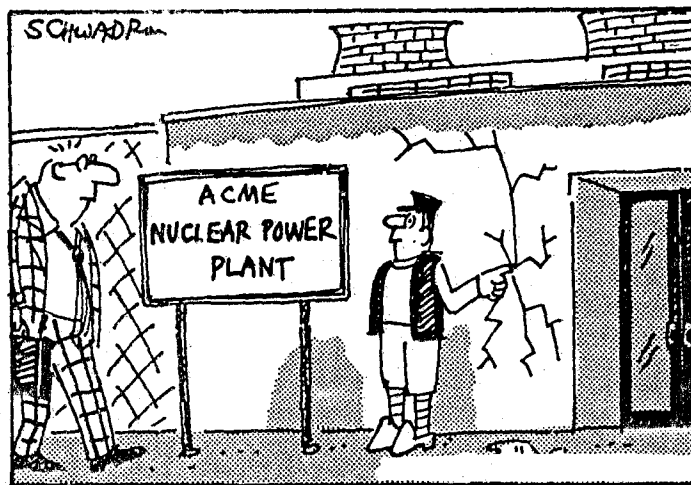
What is the solution? The new secretary of energy, Admiral James Watkins, with a strong background in nuclear engineering and national security, faces an enormous task. At a minimum, there should be some reorganization within the department. The 1985 BRTG report recommended such reorganization, calling for the creation of "a separate organizational entity, e.g., an administration, with a clearly demarcated budget, reporting directly to the secretary." This attempt to raise the stature of the weapons-management program within the department was rejected. It ought to be reconsidered.

A better proposal might be to transfer the responsibility for nuclear-weapons production from Energy to Defense. Such an arrangement would rationalize the relationship that exists in practice between the departments, while eliminating the awkward and organizationally superfluous interagency coordination that the current set-up requires.

There would be objections to such a reorganization, some valid, most not. But the biggest obstacle to such a move would be the DOE constituency, both congressional and executive, which understands that without the nuclear-weapons programs, there would be little justification for maintaining a Cabinet-level energy organization.

Obstacles notwithstanding, the current system has failed. President Bush should direct an early examination of the weapons programs and undertake the rapid correction of existing deficiencies. A Band-Aid approach will not do. Radical steps are necessary to eliminate the conditions that have placed the United States on the verge of unilateral disarmament.

—MACKUBIN THOMAS OWENS



the funds to implement the secretary's proposal. And then the reactors must be built. It may very well be ten years before the capacity represented by the existing Savannah River reactors is replaced. Since tritium is necessary to maintain the U.S. nuclear deterrent, the Savannah River reactors must be kept going for that long. Unfortunately this prospect plays into the hands of those who would be happy to see the U.S. curtail its nuclear arsenal regardless of reciprocal Soviet actions, and who will use environmental and safety arguments to accomplish their goals. Meanwhile, the Soviets have the capacity to produce SNM which some experts estimate to be five or six times the amount the United States has, a major consideration should they decide to break out of an arms-control agreement.

The time has come to re-examine DOE's responsibility for nuclear-weapons production. The organizational culture of DOE makes it institutionally incapable of administering the program. Had DOE been properly oriented to-

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footage at the Kennedy Center with the Harlem Globetrotters, who have to stoop just to reach his hand for a shake. Anyway, Warnke and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance go ballistic; Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko stonewalls SALT II; and it seems we should lament a lost opportunity for peace.

Not so fast, though. On screen comes Brzezinski to explain how it was "news to" him "that the U.S. couldn't meet with other foreigners because the Russians didn't like it." The Soviets and State Department—he commingles the two—routinely denounced "linkage" on our side, yet allowed it on the Soviet side. "Reverse linkage to the unilateral advantage of the Soviets" is to them perfectly permissible.

Brzezinski wins this match hands down, on screen now as he did in the White House then. Warnke shows his true colors by saying, "I think that strategic-arms control is the bellwether of U.S.-Soviet relations. If we can't agree not to blow one another up and probably obliterate the rest of the world with us, then how can we agree on anything else?"

Now this is downright foolish, and it's shameful for any former U.S. official. Warnke knows that neither side wanted to blow up the other, itself, or the world even before strategic-arms control began. And, lo and behold, neither side has wanted to since. Besides, neither side would be prevented from doing so because of any arms accord.

Warnke knows that neither side wanted to blow up the other, itself, or the world even before strategic-arms control began. And neither side has wanted to since.

Brzezinski sets this right by saying, "By emphasizing so much that it would be the centerpiece, we were making a fetish out of arms control and forgetting the fact that the American-Soviet relationship is a competitive one because of ideological and regional conflicts."

This segment ends with The Voice informing us that the Reagan Administration stayed with SALT II longer than Carter—admittedly an embarrassing tidbit, but one that downplays the fact that we did, at least, get out of this unratified, unratifiable, expired, and violated treaty. This segment is, like SALT itself, "fatally flawed," by omitting any mention of either Soviet violations (which even Warnke admits happened) or the Soviets' legal strategic buildup (including a doubling of ballistic-missile warheads) during SALT II's time.

The series is not completely fair to the Reagan Administration in another segment either; "Zero Hour," which discusses the INF (Intermediate Nuclear Force) treaty.

Footage on German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt shows how NATO's "dual-track" decision—to build up and negotiate down these missiles—was made in Europe. Accompanying the dual-track decision was the "zero option." Schmidt recalls how he sought to have the Soviets destroy all their SS-20s; in return, we wouldn't deploy our Euro-missiles. That's the zero option.

Schmidt pushed this policy, he tells us, and his efforts were rewarded by President Reagan's 1981 speech. Nonetheless, The Voice pronounces the zero option a "ploy. No one expected the Soviets" to entertain it.

How does The Voice know? It, and a lot more skeptics, were proven dead wrong in this regard. Among them was Richard Burt, who strangely appears on screen to describe the merits of a policy he fought so ferociously against while in the State Department. Even after Moscow bought on, The Voice downplays the treaty: "A propaganda gambit designed to keep the peace movement quiet had now become NATO strategy."

How so? The zero option fashioned no "NATO strategy." It merely constituted the playing out of Schmidt's original approach, as anyone watching this segment can see.

The Voice makes a rare factual error when declaring that Reagan journeyed to Reykjavik in hopes of concluding the INF accord. Reagan went to that "come as you are" summit for a host of reasons, but that was not among them. Nor did Gorbachev, as The Voice proclaims, accept the zero option at Reykjavik. He conceded to limitations on Soviet missiles in Asia—a big step, surely, but not the whole way toward zero.

And while I'm at it, Reykjavik itself gets too harsh a treatment. "In three days of improvised negotiations," The Voice intones, "all the hallowed assumptions of nuclear strategy were thrown up in the air." Well, not exactly. Reagan and Gorbachev had loose lips, for sure, but nothing came of their airy talk of eliminating whole chunks of or even all nuclear weapons. And nothing would have come of it even had they agreed there and then. Certainly no knowledgeable person present, as I was, would agree with The Voice that "only Ronald Reagan's refusal to give up on Star Wars prevented an agreement" of such sweeping proportions.

More on target is the segment dealing with the Allies' nuclear forces. Little known, but well presented here, is the fact that the French nuclear program began in the 1950s under a Socialist government. Charles de Gaulle then guided the program into Bomb development. He did so for the persuasive reasons shown here. One cherished clip has him expounding majestically, "We are *nothing* in international relations without the Bomb." And he's at his theatrical best when questioning the U.S. commitment: "No one in the world—in particular, no one in America—can say if, where, when, how, or to what extent America's nuclear forces would be used to defend Europe."

British and French nuclear forces exist in part for those countries' own defense. They exist also as a trip-wire, to trigger an American nuclear response, and/or as a bluff.

But then again, much of Western defense has been a bluff. America pledged use of nuclear weapons to defend Europe even though our longest-serving secretary of defense, McNamara, told his Presidents, "Never, on your life!" More honest souls now admit the bluff; one NATO commander interviewed describes the defense of Europe: "We didn't have, at that time, the capability to fight effectively with nuclear weapons. We didn't even know how we would go about doing it very well. But that didn't matter. Because no one knew we didn't, least of all the Russians."

This is among the many ironies in the ultimate irony of our era, living in peace with weapons of such unfathomable destructiveness. □

REPORT FROM A PHALLOCRAT

YOU'RE JUST NOT going to believe what follows, but I assure you it's true. If your son or daughter is at college and has anything to do with literature, the chances are good that that student will run smack into the radical feminist critical movement. Feminists are the most energetic school of literary exegetes on college faculties today. In fact, they constitute a kind of faculty within the faculty. They are powerful in a myriad of professional organizations such as the MLA, which bends to their wishes.

What unites all segments of the feminist school is the assumption that women are oppressed and need to be "liberated." They debate among themselves, of course, the nature of the oppression and the shape of liberation, and these debates can be cruel to individuals who get read out of the movement as backsliders or worse. Jobs are involved.

The best recent survey of the feminist material is an essay by Peter Shaw of Columbia in the autumn 1988 *American Scholar*. I am indebted to it as well as to my own observations at another Ivy League college.

In an earlier phase, during the Seventies, feminists debated such questions as whether literature ought to show women being oppressed or, alternatively, whether it ought to seek out or invent role models that would encourage women to be liberated.

There is a terrible problem with putting the issue that way, which gives political mission primacy over aesthetic value. And, in fact, good writing has been completely defeated and explicitly disavowed by today's radical feminist critics. When you do this, of course, you open the door to works of low literary value that might be thought politically useful.

Annette Kolodny tells us how to go about the current mode of post-Stalinist deviation hunting. The question is put: "What ends do these judgments serve and what conceptions of the

world or ideological stances do they (even if unwittingly) help to perpetuate?"

I treasure that "even if unwittingly"—it's worthy of Madame Defarge. But marvelously, another critic, Toril Moi, has discovered Annette Kolodny herself aiding the enemy by her positive use of adjectives like "vigorous" and "rigorous," which Miss Moi finds suspiciously masculine. Commissar Moi also convicts Patricia Beer of "traditionalism," a hanging offense. Miss Beer argues for value-free scholarship—that is, not bending the facts to support a liberation program.

Then there is the problem of the French critic Jacques Lacan, who has raised the vexing literary question of the penis. Lacan is basically a Freudian, though he takes time out for Marxism. The great beauty of being a French critic like Lacan is that you can use Freudian themes without bothering to ask whether they are *true* or not. You just posit a theory, and spin on from there. The evidence? *Phhhh!* Lacan, anyway, has argued influentially that the phallus is the "primary signifier." He means that the phallus is the primary seat of cultural and artistic energy, and the pen is the writer's symbolic equivalent of a penis. What Lacan makes of the word processor I dare not ask.

Lacan's baseless penis = pen idea poses deep problems for Sandra Gilbert, Susan Gubar, and the rest. After all, they complain that we are living

in a patriarchal "phallocracy," and they like to make up puns like "phal-lacy." "Manglish" is to be replaced by "sispeak," and on and on along the road to "gynocracy."

But what do they do with Lacan and that penis? Forget about it? Not a chance. The answer is, the vagina needs to be "valorized"—made a feminist alternative to the phallus.

Hélèn Cixous, Peter Shaw informs us, has made a Kleinian analysis of the mother's nipple, but for her trouble is now excoriated by the feminist commissars for permitting a superficial reconciliation between penis and nipple.

Still, if the female genitalia are to be "valorized"—well, which part? Here our mob of scribbling feminist nuts splits into factions. Luce Irigaray, perhaps speaking for the "mainstream" of this kind of criticism, champions the vulva. But this view has been attacked from the feminist Left as covertly masculine—that is, males have "devalorized" the clitoris. The vagina itself, independently of vulva and clitoris, has its own faction. Which side are you on, Trotsky?

THIS KIND OF criticism is an utter waste of time. Jane Austen, the Brontës, George Eliot did not write as Women, but proudly as *authors*, seeking universality as much as Dickens or Tolstoy did. Indeed, our academic grievance-mongers fundamentally misconceive the nature of art, which works to transcend differences of race and gender. "Good night, sweet prince. May flights of angels sing thee to thy rest." We do not attend a performance of *Hamlet* as whites or blacks, men or women, but as human beings; and all great art, to the extent that it is great, possesses this capacity of transcendence.

Annette Kolodny, Toril Moi, and the rest of the sisspeaking gynocrats should be teaching at the Academy in Lagado. □



BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

ALISTAIR COOKE OBSERVED

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

IT IS SURPRISING that Alistair Cooke had never until now got around to collecting a volume from his weekly dispatches to the (Manchester) *Guardian*. Most people who travel about are familiar with his BBC broadcasts, and almost everyone is familiar with the work he has done for television (most memorably, his *America*), and indeed continues to do on *Masterpiece Theatre*. The benevolent presence, ever so shrewd; a little fatalistic, because *he* knows that a story, in order to engross, must have complications, and that complications almost inevitably, sigh, have rough emotional edges.

It is insufficiently known that Mr. Cooke is a superb portraitist. His book *Six Men* includes a chapter on the Duke of Windsor that successive full-length biographies have done little to fill out. Cooke has a penchant for knowing exactly when to say, "This much have I chosen to write about this individual or that event. If you want a Gibbon-type treatment, why"—one can see him smiling, just a trace there of paternalism—"turn to Gibbon." It is because he has practiced so successfully the art of miniaturization that special attention should be called to the current volume, in which these skills are abundantly demonstrated in a few dozen essays starting in 1946 and going to the present day.

A word about his politics. Alistair Cooke got the reputation at the time of the Hiss-Chambers ordeal as squishy-soft on questions involving fellow-traveling, legal evidence, espionage, and pumpkin papers. That was because he published *A Generation on Trial*, which seemed to be saying something on the order of: Alger Hiss was the quintessence of a particular generation

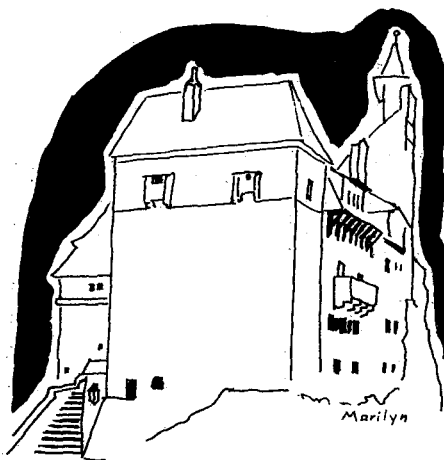
of Americans. That's true only if one agrees that there was a "generation" of Americans inclined to steal U.S. secrets in order to fortify Josef Stalin as absolute czar of Soviet Communist expansionism, and to lie about their former activities and companions in crime. Alger Hiss was not unique but, happily, a member of a species as rare as the prothonotary warbler.

That theme does not interest Mr. Cooke any more, and if there are ideological lilt in this book they are his unambiguous identification with the cause of the American Negro in the Fifties and Sixties, struggling to make his way up from the back of the

America Observed: From the 1940s to the 1980s, by Alistair Cooke (Knopf, 320 pp., \$19.95)

bus; an unswerving hostility to Senator McCarthy; and, I regret to note, an apparently instinctive skepticism, sometimes turning to hostility, about anything that looks or sounds like Christian revival. (Not for nothing is Mr. Cooke a Mencken expert.) It would be fascinating, it occurs, to have an hour on television featuring A. Cooke and M. Muggeridge—whom Cooke much admires, and whose hour with Mike Wallace in the late Fifties, when Wallace was the Great Mauler of late-night television, is the subject of a hilarious essay in the current collection.

One of the book's charms is its advertisement here and there of estimates and predictions Mr. Cooke obviously regrets having made. Of President Harry Truman in 1948 he could write (and did), "Mr. Truman is now worse than unimpressive. When he took the oath of office he was helped along by the legendary assumption that, when all is said and done, homespun men are the shrewdest. His early press conferences gave pause to this comfortable notion. He gave impulsive answers that had to be corrected later." But later, much later, Cooke would refer to him as a considerable statesman. And only a year or so after remarking the almost insurmountable difficulty American senators have in achieving the Presidency, he was welcoming John F. Kennedy to the White House, moreover with the enthusiasm of a member of the Camelot court. About JFK's (unfortunate) inaugural address, Cooke wrote that it was singularly eloquent, and quoted from it: "Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet



M. E. Bradford is a professor of English at the University of Dallas. His new book, *The Reactionary Imperative: Essays Literary and Political*, will be published in March by Sherwood Sugden.

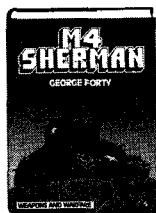
Fred Chappell's most recent book is a collection of his poetry, *First and Last Words* (Louisiana State University).



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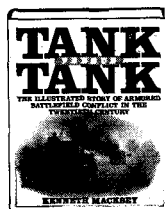
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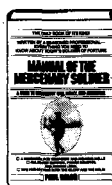
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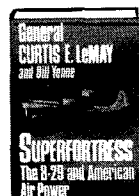
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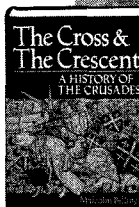
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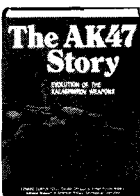
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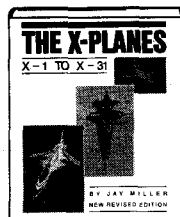
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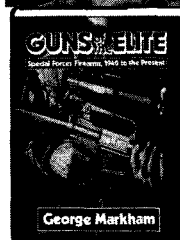
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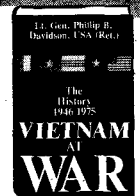
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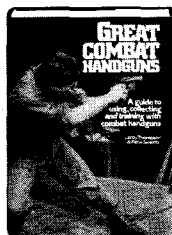
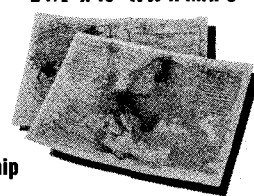
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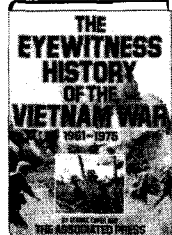
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any hardship, to assure the survival and the success of liberty . . . this hemisphere intends to remain the master of its own house." Three months after Mr. Kennedy spoke those words, this Western Hemisphere gave up being master of its own house.

But it was way back in 1967-68 that Cooke was informing his countrymen about a rather formidable figure not to be confused with the stereotype being extruded by the Smart Set press.

Contrary to the campus rebels' view of him as an executive smoothie, there is no gloss to his rather craggy complexion, no whiff of pine-needle after-shave lotion. His clothes do not give off the static-electric charge of Madison Avenue vice presidents grounded on ankle-deep carpets. He looks rather like a peregrinating secretary of a large union whose blue shirt and dapper suit have spent many a day squashed in the hold of a jet plane.

You leave him having gained an impression of an engaging kind of energy. He is precise and thoughtful on finance and the mechanics of welfare, quietly dogmatic about the social ferment. He talks no jargon, which is a rare relief. He chants few slogans. He does not preach or intone. He sounds like a decent, deadly serious, baffled middle-class professional man. This, as an executive geared for social rebellion and reform, may be his weakness. But it is his strength among the voters that, in a country with a huge middle class, he so faithfully reflects their bewilderment at the collapse of the old middle-class standards, protections, and, perhaps, shibboleths.

Who else was saying that kind of thing, in that way, in 1967 and 1968, about the new governor of California? And to a liberal British daily!

Cooke enjoys polemical mischief, though he himself engages only sparingly in it. When Mike Wallace was giving Muggeridge hell in 1956 for writing his famous essay in *The Saturday Evening Post* giving Queen Elizabeth a hard time on the eve of her visit to the White House, Wallace asked if it weren't so that, as Mr. Michael Astor had noted in that week's *Herald Tribune*, "you have a pathological contempt for your fellow human beings." Mug's answer: "If my fellow human beings were all Astors, there might be some truth in it. By the way, have you still got any of them or did they all come to England?"

Such cosmopolitan crossfire delights Cooke, and he sits back and lets the



participants take care of themselves. But he can be militant in his defense of those who in his judgment can't defend themselves, at least not in the way he can do it for them. In an essay written in Oxford in 1959 he comments on the scorn in which much of America is held and the reasons for it:

It is easy, and it is traditional, for the upper middle class, with a garden to cultivate and a maid on call, to pooh-pooh the mass introduction of the suburban house with a garage, the electric toaster, the washing machine and the "fridge," the cake mix, and the frozen vegetables. But these and the shoal of other boons that are coming in the wake symbolize the floodtide of a liberty most men in most countries have never known. More convincingly than nationalization schemes or the local promises of politicians, they constitute the Social Contract of the common man flexing his muscles in the century he has been told is his.

His patience with the common culture extends even to the Miss America extravaganzas, the extravagances of which hardly escape his notice, but leave him risking the thought, "They restore us by a process of dangerous, perhaps subversive nostalgia, to an America where women had legs like pillars of gold, bellies like bushels of wheat, breasts like meringues. If allowed to go on, this could undermine everything the 1960s have been working for: which is, I suggest, the triumph of the neuter and the revival of tuberculosis."

And he can summon grandeur to his perspectives. Of Mrs. Roosevelt after she died he wrote that her special quality "guided her entire existence. It transmuted an ugly-duckling school-ma'am into a great woman, and it planed away the emotional fat in a feckless, generous man, knotted his fiber, and produced a great President." Whether the judgment is exactly right, the strength of its assertion is arresting, such vigor as he shows when writing of Harold Ross's *New Yorker*: ". . . nothing as distinguished as *The*

New Yorker can be made out of the casual recruiting of a few choice urban spirits. It was made out of lava; out of debt; out of Ross's writhing perfectionism, his genius for withholding praise, his diviner's gift for spotting the likeliest prospectors before the gold was struck." And, while gently mocking the eccentricity of Frank Lloyd Wright, he lays down the law: "After all, it had been 48 years since he had pioneered the sweeping horizontals of the first 'prairie house,' 51 years since he built the first air-conditioned building, 54 years since the first metal-bound plate-glass door, 48 years since the cantilevered floor, poured concrete, and all the other explosive solecisms that are now the grammar of the modern architect." That doesn't quite answer the problem some of us have with the grammar being used by the modern architect, any more than we are left untroubled by the Freudian grammar of modern psychological thought . . . But the testimonial is, once again, arresting.

Although one must suppose that ten thousand people have seen him on television for every one who has read one of his books, it is time to note that this has no bearing on the relative quality of his performance as a commentator and as a writer. He is adroit, shrewd, eloquent. It is difficult to think of any other journalist who has this combination of qualities under such command. □

HAZARDS OF METAPHOR

Joseph Sobran

AIDS and Its Metaphors, by Susan Sontag (Farrar, Straus, 95 pp., \$14.95)

AIDS AND ITS METAPHORS is Susan Sontag's protest against ways of talking about AIDS that result in "the excommunicating and stigmatizing of the ill" and that, ultimately, "kill."

"It is not suffering as such that is most deeply feared but suffering that degrades," she writes. Certain diseases have traditionally been discussed in metaphors of invasion, warfare, punishment, contamination, and mutation, so that their natural pain is compounded with the social shame of

RANDOM NOTES

□ COMING IN MARCH: *Intellectuals* (Harper, \$22.50), by Paul Johnson, is a mordantly witty assault on the moral pretensions of that class of humanity Irving Kristol once described as most ready to congratulate itself on its unique combination of moral virtue and worldly success. Among the book's most celebrated subjects are such disparate figures as Karl Marx and Ernest Hemingway, Leo Tolstoy and Lillian Hellman, Norman Mailer and Henrik Ibsen. . . .

In *The Voice of Liberal Learning: Michael Oakeshott on Education* (Yale, \$20), edited by Timothy Fuller, the great British political philosopher expounds, as Fuller puts it, on "the elusive features inherent in good teaching and learning without obscuring the great variability in manners of teaching which defy generalization." No advocate of Great Books courses or mass-designed comprehensive testing, Oakeshott argues for the efficacy of conversation, after the Socratic model.

Harold Macmillan, Politician, 1894-1956 (Viking, \$24.95), by Alistair Horne, is the

superb first volume in the authorized biography of the British prime minister—child of a book publisher descended from Scots crofters and of an American woman from Indiana—covering Macmillan's slow mastery of an acutely nervous disposition, his unhappy marital relations, and his association with Churchill in the crisis days of World War II, and ending with an account of his role in the Suez drama of 1956. Horne's book, which is full of new material and rebuts at least one major misconception concerning Macmillan's career, is wonderfully paced and nuanced, beautifully written.

□ LEFT OVER FROM FEBRUARY: In *King Charles III* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, \$19.95), Anthony Holden provides a sequel to his *Charles, Prince of Wales* with an account of Charles's activities between the ages of thirty and forty, as he prepares to assume the throne. Holden, a British journalist, depicts the Prince as much more than a daredevil sportsman; his Charles is a serious person who, though plagued by a shaky marriage as well as by critics who deplore his involvement in affairs of state, remains determined to have a hand in the future of Great Britain.

—CW

what Erving Goffman called "spoiled identity." Until recently, cancer was such a disease. Now we treat it more matter-of-factly, and obituaries call it by its name, dropping the old euphemism "a long illness." But not so long ago, the shame attending cancer was such that many people were afraid to have themselves examined for it, until it was too late. Now AIDS produces the same dread.

Miss Sontag tends to be dazzling on a first reading, but slightly silly on a second. What seemed like an insight the first time around often sounds like overreaching on re-examination.

She has read a lot of medical history, and one of the virtues of this little book is that it's informative. One learns about the forgotten horrors of cholera and tuberculosis. And there is real perception in her observation that we have always been especially horrified by diseases that disfigure the face in the process of killing.

She is also on target in noting the human habit of ascribing new diseases to foreign influences. Syphilis was "the 'French pox' to the English, *morbis Germanicus* to the Parisians, the Naples sickness to the Florentines, the Chinese disease to the Japanese." From which, however, Miss Sontag proceeds rather dubiously to this: "There is a link between imagining disease and imagining

foreignness. It lies perhaps in the very concept of wrong, which is archaically identical with the non-us, the alien." She doesn't explain such assertions; she leaves them dangling, content that they have served the purpose of illustrating her moral theme, which is that people tend to hate and fear the alien.

This deplorable tendency, it would seem, is especially typical of people of white European stock. Reading over the relevant European literature, she concludes that "Europe is assumed to be by rights free of disease." But "Europeans have been astoundingly callous about the far greater extent to which they—as invaders, as colonists—have introduced *their* lethal diseases to the exotic, 'primitive' world: think of the ravages of smallpox, influenza, and cholera on the aboriginal populations of the Americas and Australia." That adverb, "astoundingly," is suspect. Does our record fall below that of other conquering peoples? Is self-preoccupation so unnatural in this world? Speaking of disease metaphors, this is the same Susan Sontag who once called the white race "the cancer of history."

It is true that military metaphors for disease may be useful in unifying a population to take measures to contain

it. It is not so clear that this is a bad thing, though of course it may result in tyranny. Miss Sontag has an irritating way of taking for granted that we will go to the worst extreme. She also writes as if "fears" and "phobias" were obviously baseless. This is especially true of "homophobia," a term she doesn't bother defining. She simply assumes that revulsion against homosexuality and its characteristic practices is wicked. Conservatives who see in AIDS a sort of retribution for those practices—which can be, at least, recklessly unsanitary—are a "predictable . . . sector of bigots," mighty loose language to come from a careful analyst of rhetoric. *She* can excommunicate and stigmatize when she wants to.

Miss Sontag even objects to the standard distinction between "risk groups" and "the general population," which she regards as invidious to members of the former. You eventually wonder how, in practice, she would allow the distinction to be made. These are clinical terms, not Falwell fulminations. They've been advanced and adopted by people who are taking great care *not* to stigmatize even the hygienically heedless. "But 'the general population' may be as much a code phrase for whites as it is for heterosexuals."

As you may be gathering, Miss Sontag's discontent with the way people talk knows no bounds. She offers no useful substitutes for our habitual language, and the line between the metaphorical and the literal, after all, isn't necessarily clear. When we speak of the body's "defenses," are we really using a military metaphor? Is it even a metaphor at all?

As you also may be gathering, Miss Sontag counts heavily on her readers to share her cultural and political attitudes, as a way of supplying the ellipses in her argument, which at times gets phantasmagoric. If you don't accept her tacit premises, you are, spiritually speaking, from the wrong side of the Hudson.

There's a certain smugness in her style of thought. She writes as if to expose the implication of a phrase were ipso facto to discredit it. She's keenly aware of reactionary taboos that are pretty much defunct anyway, but she doesn't notice the active progressive taboos she herself invokes—such as the taboo against disapproving



of sodomy (incorporated in the word "homophobia"). She seems to suppose that her own pet rhetoric is immune from debunking analysis.

With some stern editing, this 95-page book could have been turned into a darned good magazine article. But I doubt that Miss Sontag could have borne to submit to the editor it needed. □

THE AMBIGUOUS MUSE

M. E. Bradford

Proslavery: A History of the Defense of Slavery in America, 1701-1840, by Larry E. Tise (University of Georgia, 568 pp., \$40)

FOR REASONS that have more to do with contemporary politics and the intellectual fashions of our time than with an interest in history per se, we have experienced in the past two decades a veritable explosion of commentary on the phenomenon of American Negro slavery. Indeed, it is now clear that there have been too many of these books—that they are so numerous and so predictable that they actually get in the way of serious consideration of their subject. This literature exists primarily to give to those who write it an opportunity to demonstrate their own moral refinement—as “ethical proof” of their right to instruct those benighted conservatives of this latter day such as do not, in retrospect, hate slavery to the point of distraction, as if it were an infamy still among us and a key to contemporary policy disputes. It is easy to lose patience with such a superfluity of painless rectitude. We can gather from its noisy display no sense of the “peculiar institution” as part of the overall pattern of American life at earlier moments in our national history, nor any explanation of why our forefathers were unable to agree about how to regard slavery, once it was established in their midst.

Larry Tise's *Proslavery: A History of the Defense of Slavery in America, 1701-1840* is an exception to the foregoing generalization. In refusing to simplify the history of black bondage, this book discourages focus upon the practice of slaveholding by the variety of self-righteous ideologue who

values his knowledge of the past only as a means by which he can impinge upon the present; and also discourages the kind of bigoted simplicity that finds in the South (or Southern habits of mind) the source of every national problem.

For in Tise's estimation, “the adoption of a proslavery ideology in the South in the 1830s marks not a departure from the rest of the nation, either ideologically or psychically, but rather a full adoption of what may have been at the time America's strongest sociopolitical and cultural philosophy and tradition.” By this reference to an anti-egalitarian heritage he invokes a Federalist/Whig version of hierarchical European or Burkean conservatism, which grew to prominence among us in reaction to the demagoguery of Patriot rhetoric. Tise maintains that proslavery thought in its mature flowering was not just a Southern reaction to abolitionist pressure but “the creation of Americans, not Southerners alone, [one that] expressed . . . what were at the time the attitudes, values, and beliefs of a vast number of Americans—North and South.” Indeed, Tise regards this social philosophy as one facet of a larger American conservatism that emerged after a brief interlude of hyperbole about aboriginal equality among men. In examining several hundred American social thinkers, his question is, “At what point and by what process did Americans reject the theory of natural rights?”

Tise argues that such a rejection occurred, that it spread early in New England, that its dissemination throughout the country owed much to the influence of literate Yankee clergymen, and that its antecedents and connections reached far back into earlier European thought. Southerners were not “unique” in their apology for slavery as a “positive good” or in contending that, once among us, it was a “necessary evil.” Yet in demythologizing a corner of our collective past, Tise depends upon other political myths in which he still has faith. He posits a “golden age” in which most Americans believed in the metaphysics of “human rights,” as we now understand that term, during which they were committed to more than the equality of citizens before a

law with limited scope: a kind of incidental political equality among freemen which they had already enjoyed before the ministers of George III began to plot against them.

However, all sorts of Americans who were not convinced of generic human equality nevertheless found fault in the outright possession of one man by another: John Jay, Rufus King, Oliver Ellsworth, Gouverneur Morris, to mention but a few; while others who defended some version of the rights of man also held that it was “dreadful,” “foolish,” and “cowardly” to generalize about the possibility of future emancipation: Thomas Sumter, Patrick Henry, Charles Pinckney, Christopher Gadsden, George Mason, and John Taylor of Caroline. As for the Fathers and Framers who had their doubts about the natural rights of man, the truth is that their number was legion. No perfectly egalitarian interval, in either practice or belief, can be discovered in the pattern of our collective past—certainly not between 1773 and 1800.

Leaving aside what the signers intended by the second sentence of the Declaration and the troublesome question of that document's relation to the Constitution, there is a plethora of evidence that, like James Duane of New York, many influential Americans of their generation thought a broad theory of equality “a feeble support” of their country's cause and concurred with Caleb Strong of Massachusetts that “inequality . . . arises from the nature of things.” They were, with Samuel Chase of Maryland, persuaded that “the rights of man can be derived only from the conventions of society,” and of the view of Theodore Sedgwick of the Bay State that “there are grades in society [that] are necessary to [its] existence. This is a self-evident proposition [i.e., as opposed to what appears in

the Declaration].” Moreover, it is probably true that (as the Marquis of Chastellux maintained after visiting among us in 1780-1782) the “half-philosophers” of the new American regime had in mind, when they spoke of “the people,” only freeholding citizens: landholders who participated in government and “had a few Negroes.”

As for slavery, prominent Americans from every part of the country had



reaffirmed their attachment to that institution before 1800. In the ratification conventions of Rhode Island and South Carolina, and in the early debates on the Constitution in the South Carolina legislature, we find speech of the sort Tise tells us not to expect from American public men who flourished in that period. At Kingston, Rhode Island, General Nathan Miller spoke of slaveholding as ordained of God; and Mayor George Hazard of Newport denied seeing any "wickedness" in the Negro trade. In the same spirit, Rawlins Lowndes of Charleston, erstwhile president of his state, insisted that slaveholding could be "justified on principles of religion, justice, and humanity"; and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney declared that "restricting the importation of Negroes" would turn South Carolina into "a desert waste."

As surprising as it may seem to us, the social philosophers surveyed by Larry Tise could find considerable precedent for their opinions in the public discourse of their immediate forefathers—and could also find heirs in American social thought of the late nineteenth century, even though the issue of slavery had already been settled by force of arms. However, this is not to minimize the importance of *Proslavery* as a correction of one segment of glaring misinformation—as a step forward toward an honest history of our country. □

A GOOD LISTENER IN A TALKING COUNTRY

Fred Chappell

A Turn in the South, by V. S. Naipaul
(Knopf, 307 pp., \$18.95)

SOUTHERNERS ARE famous talkers; generally colorful, whether brash or dignified, humorous or grave, they come into this world of Yankees and outlander pundits explaining themselves. In Santee parish, South Carolina, for example, a gentleman named Jack Leland is describing how his tombstone will look: "It will have my name, the date of my birth, the date of my death. And at the bottom there will be a line: HAVE ONE ON JACK. And I'm leaving \$2,000 to the church, so that every year at the spring service they

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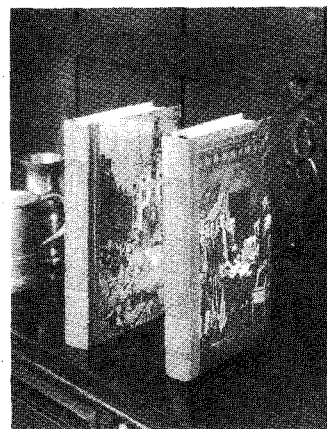
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can have wine, whisky, or whatever. I think people will remember me because of that."

In Jackson, Mississippi, a businessman recounts a dialogue with his secretary, whom he calls "a redneck woman." He has explained to her that "the frontier mentality" is no longer viable. "And she said, 'You know, Mr. Campbell, at one time I used to be envious of you. I wanted what you had. But now I feel I'm just different. I'm just born into it. I ain't got nothing, and I know now I ain't going to have nothing.' I said, 'It's because you ain't got the right kind of husband. Why don't you kick your husband's ass?' And she said, 'Oh, Mr. Campbell, I can't do that. He's just an old redneck.'"

Alex Sanders, a South Carolina Supreme Court judge, explains his duties: "The common law is a majestic thing. It has a remarkable capacity to resolve disputes in a way which not only preserves civilization but enhances it. It is not unusual for me to find myself guided in a decision by a decision which a judge made a thousand years ago. I am aware I'm serving a larger civilization. And I know I'm serving it."

So that what the Southerner needs is a good listener. In V. S. Naipaul—the Caribbean native of East Indian descent, proud Oxonian, and celebrated novelist—is to be found, on the evidence of his precise but warmly sympathetic reporting in *A Turn in the South*, one of the profoundest listeners our time can offer. He hears in the spoken sentence volumes of implication, clues to personal and regional history, inflections that tell everything while keeping the speaker's true privacy intact. He listens artfully and with a fine good will.

Naipaul's Caribbean background aids him in treating the American South with sympathy. His native Trinidad was an agricultural slave colony until 1833 and has had much more in common with the Confederacy than with the Northern states, but Naipaul had failed to see these broad similarities because of the dreadful reputation the South had. "What I had heard as a child about the racial demeanor of the South was too shocking."

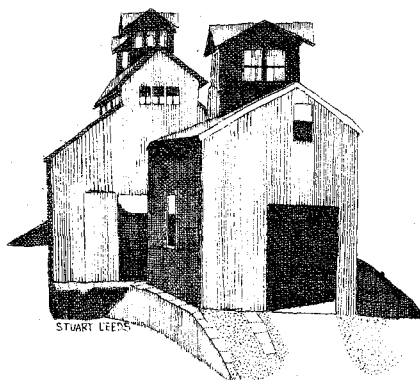
A Turn in the South is, then, a kind of reparation for the prejudiced opinion Naipaul had held. At age 28 he wrote his first travel book about the former slave colonies of the Caribbean

and South America. "It seemed to me fitting that my last travel book . . . should be about the old slave states of the American Southeast." And though it turns out that the unsavory name the South gained for racial violence was in large measure deserved, this perceptive observer comes to optimistic conclusions. Slavery ended with the Civil War, but freedom came to black people only in 1954; they have experienced only thirty years of real freedom. "In those thirty years American blacks have grown to see opportunity; while the larger independent territories of the British Caribbean—Trinidad, Jamaica, Guyana—have in their various ways been plundered and undone."

The book is rounded out with an account of the friendship the author establishes with James Applewhite, whom a few farsighted souls have been proclaiming for decades one of the best Southern poets of the century. Naipaul finds in Applewhite's volume *Ode to the Chinaberry Tree* some of the most sensitive articulations of Southern consciousness; he admires especially those poems that deal with the cultivation and marketing of tobacco.

*Scented and sweetened with rum and molasses,
Rolled into cigarettes or squared in a thick plug,
Then inhaled or chewed, this history is like syrupy
Moonshine distilled through a car radiator so the salts
Strike you blind. Saliva starts in the body. We die for this leaf.*

Applewhite's image becomes Naipaul's central metaphor for the Southern dilemma. As Thomas Jefferson predicted, economic dependence upon the poison weed became so deeply rooted that slavery was made an immovable necessity. The staple that maintained



the economy killed the society. And now in our generation the dilemma comes back. The South turns to industrialization for its economy, and the factories will kill the culture, the land, and the people just as surely as tobacco did. But now at least the black populace has the opportunity to share in the general destiny, as perhaps it can do nowhere else in America.

A Turn in the South is a troubling book, a searching one. But it is also compassionate and understanding, and without the least smidgen of condescension. It may well be for this last, negative quality that Southerners will most gratefully appreciate it. □

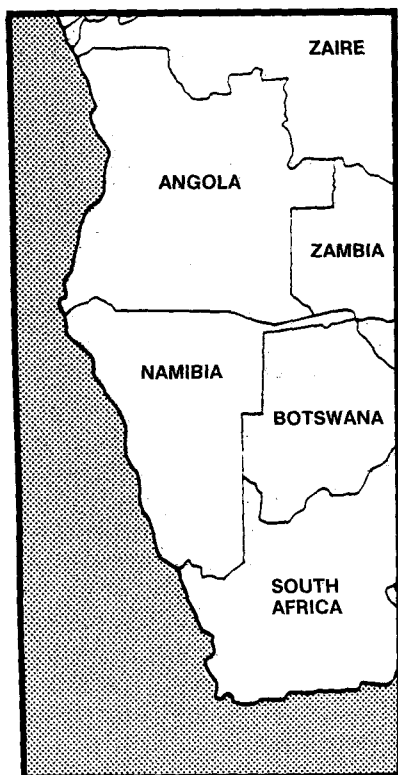
FILM

RAIN ALL OVER

John Simon

RAIN MAN is about a Los Angeles sports-car importer and feckless younger brother, Charlie (Tom Cruise), whose father leaves his \$3 million to Charlie's older brother, Raymond (Dustin Hoffman), an autistic *savant* of whose very existence, in a Cincinnati institution, Charlie was unaware. Enraged, Charlie abducts Ray in the hope of somehow acquiring his inheritance, and drives him to L.A. in the white '49 Buick convertible that is just about all his father left him. There ensues a typical comic road movie *cum* mismatched-buddy movie (are those still two genres or have they become irrevocably fused?) as the brothers drive across Western America and each other nuts. Well, Ray already is, more or less, but he is also a mathematical and mnemonic genius who helps Charlie make a killing at blackjack in Vegas. In return, Charlie's Italian girlfriend teaches Ray to dance and kiss. Since that is as far as it goes, it may not be a fair exchange for the \$80,000 Ray wins for Charlie.

By the time the brothers arrive in L.A., Charlie has become seriously fond of Ray—an affection not untinged by considerations of Ray's financial usefulness. By now, Charlie has become accustomed to Ray's weird ways, and Ray—to some extent—to Charlie's normally heedless ones. But the two can't go on together. As Ray is taken



ON APRIL 1 WILL PRESIDENT BUSH SURRENDER TO SOVIET CONTROL TWO NATIONS MORE THAN 3 TIMES THE SIZE OF TEXAS?

The Reagan-Bush Administration has taken pride in claiming that since 1981, "not one square inch" of territory has been transferred from the Free World to the Soviet Union.

But, under the terms of Chester Crocker's "peace plan" for Namibia and Angola, George Bush may preside over the greatest transfer of real estate from the Free World to the Soviet Union since Stalin was handed Eastern Europe following World War II.

The goal of U.S. foreign policy should be to protect the nation's geostrategic vital interests and enhance liberty. The Crocker plan hurts America by encouraging the turn-over of Namibia to Soviet-allied SWAPO terrorists, even as it undermines Jonas Savimbi's anti-Communist UNITA freedom fighters in Angola.

Namibia, governed since 1985 by a Black-majority Transitional Government of National Unity, has long been coveted by the Soviets for its natural resources and strategic position, north of South Africa, on the south Atlantic.

Under the terms of Andrew Young's 1978 UN Security Council Resolution 435, which is the framework of the Crocker scheme, elections are scheduled for Namibia on November 1, under United Nations auspices.

Because the UN has for years formally declared SWAPO to be "the only legitimate representative of the Southwest African people", and has furnished SWAPO with tens of millions of dollars in direct aid, it is impossible for the UN to serve as the "impartial" guarantor of Namibia's electoral process.

Because UN 435 requires the complete withdrawal of South Africa from Namibia and the introduction of UN troops from such "democratic" regimes as Yugoslavia, the pro-SWAPO message is strongly reinforced. In Africa, especially, it's dangerous not to vote with the apparent winner.

Namibia now has a pro-Western government which has abolished apartheid, encouraged free enterprise, enhanced political and civil liberties, and assured religious freedom. Private property rights have been respected and protected. Will the people of Namibia be freer under a Marxist-Leninist SWAPO government — even if it is brought to power by supposedly "free" elections? Will American interests be more secure?

By September 1, 1988, South Africa, under pressure from Crocker, had removed all of its troops from southern Angola, where they had helped defend Jonas Savimbi's liberated area from a multi-billion dollar Soviet war machine, which has included hundreds of advanced jet fighters, helicopter gunships, sophisticated radar, and more than 1,500 battle tanks.

Although the Crocker plan stipulates the withdrawal of 50,000 Cuban troops from Angola by July 1, 1991 — 27 months after the implementation of UN 435 begins in Namibia — it makes no provision for an estimated 2,500

ACTION YOU CAN TAKE TO STOP CHESTER CROCKER'S SELLOUT

- 1) Ask your U.S. Senators and Congressman to vote against using your taxes to underwrite the United Nations occupation of Namibia and the concomitant isolation of Jonas Savimbi's UNITA freedom fighters in Angola. Why should American taxpayers foot the bill for a pro-SWAPO electoral process?
- 2) Urge President Bush to instruct his UN ambassador to oppose implementation of UN 435 in Namibia — All foreign military personnel should be withdrawn from Angola (as was originally demanded by the United States in 1981) and truly free elections should be scheduled in both Angola and Namibia.
- 3) Oppose U.S. recognition of the illegal Angolan Communist puppet regime, and bar all direct and indirect U.S. aid for Angola until free elections have been held. President Bush should veto all proposed funding to the Communists, whether through SADCC, the World Bank, the UN, the IMF, the African Development Bank, AID, or the U.S. Export-Import Bank.
- 4) With South African aid to Savimbi terminated on December 22 (and 7,500 UN troops soon to be interposed between South Africa and liberated Angola), the U.S. must step up its support for the anti-Communist Angola freedom fighters. Urge your elected officials to escrow three years supply of high-tech military aid for UNITA, lest their strength be undermined during the two and one half years before the Cubans are supposed to have completed their withdrawal. 15,000 Cuban troops have been added since negotiations began last year.
- 5) Send a contribution today to help pay for this ad and other activities to stop the sellout of southern Africa to Marxist-Leninist tyrants. Make your check payable to The Conservative Caucus Action Fund, 450 Maple Avenue East, Vienna, Virginia 22180.



UNITA PRESIDENT DR. JONAS SAVIMBI

"How are we going to accept the people to destroy a victory that was within our reach... because last year they were defeated, the Russians and the Cubans were defeated. How it comes that this year we are going to be defeated on the negotiating table? We cannot accept it."

Soviet military personnel, 2,500 North Koreans, 600 East Germans, plus other assorted Soviet-allied mercenaries and guerrillas. Moreover, UNITA intelligence maintains that there are 60,000, rather than 50,000 Cuban soldiers now in Angola, and worries that an estimated 15-20,000 more Cubans will remain as "citizens" of Angola.

Without logistical support from a friendly country proximate to his base in liberated southeastern Angola, the effectiveness of Savimbi's UNITA freedom fighters may be sharply eroded — and with it, pressure on the Soviet-allied Angola government to permit genuine national reconciliation with truly free elections.

It reveals much of the Crocker plan's anti-Savimbi bias to point out that while 6,000 United Nations troops and civilian representatives are being assigned to protect SWAPO's electoral concerns in Namibia, only 90 UN personnel are responsible for monitoring the withdrawal of 50,000 Cubans from Angola which is, itself, twice the size of Texas.

Indeed, Brazilian General Pericles Ferreira Gomez, assigned to command the UN verification mission, told *The New York Times* (1/8/89): "For our mission, we do not need to know how many Cubans are now in the country... When they tell us there are no more troops, we will tell the United Nations that they have all gone." General Gomez is prepared to "trust" the Communist Cubans and Angolans to monitor the withdrawal.

Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs Chester Crocker brought his "peace plan" to consummation in the hours and days immediately after the November 8 election — assuring all parties that he spoke authoritatively for President-elect Bush, as well as for President Reagan. Congress was out of session, and the proposed terms were never debated by or even exposed to the American people.

Crocker's "land for peace" scenario may promote "stability" and thereby abet private commercial and banking interests, but it ill serves the prospects of liberty in either Angola or Namibia, even as it undermines the pro-U.S., democratic Black leaders in both countries.

George Bush's friends must remind him — before it's too late — that this is a bad deal for America. How are we helped by the weakening of Jonas Savimbi or the coming to power of SWAPO? Why are not all Communist troops in Angola to be withdrawn? Why must the South Africans be completely out of Namibia 20 months before the Cubans have left Angola? Why do we not insist that elections in Angola be held coincident with those in Namibia? Why don't we replace the UN with an impartial guarantor of Cuban troop withdrawal from Angola and fair elections in Namibia?

And at a time of massive budget deficits, why must the American taxpayer foot so large a share of the bill for a UN role which is expected to cost much more than \$600 million?

In purely political terms, do George Bush and the GOP wish to face the 1992 elections bearing responsibility for the surrender of southern Africa to the Soviet Empire?

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back to Cincy, he is close to feeling affection for Charlie, who, genuinely moved, promises to come visit soon. In the old days, when such efforts could be assessed as one-, two-, or three-handkerchief movies, this would have been a one-hankie one; in the era of Kleenex, it is harder to classify.

The problem with the picture is that the writing, by Ronald Bass and Barry Morrow, is sometimes illogical, often overexplanatory, and never more than serviceable. Though Barry Levinson's direction is competent, it allows Hoffman's performance as Ray to wag the movie. Now, Hoffman is an overfussy (you could say egomaniacal) actor who worries every detail of his performance to the point where the actor's bravura matters more than the character's reality. And this Ray, instead of being offset by an equally vital Charlie, has no match in Tom Cruise. With one performance flapping at us from the chandelier, and the other mostly supine on the floor, it's hard to keep both in our field of vision.

PERFORMANCES AND atmosphere are what it's all about in *Tequila Sunrise*, one of those convoluted thrillers whose plots are a bunch of holes looking for a piece of Swiss cheese to crawl into. Robert Towne, who wrote and directed, doubtless knows all about slick Los Angeles and the craving for cocaine, as well as about who supplies it and how. We have here a triangle involving Kurt Russell as a tough L.A. police lieutenant, narcotics division; Mel Gibson as an old pal of Russell's, a drug pusher trying to go straight; and Michelle Pfeiffer as a canny restaurateur (-euse?) who carries on with both of them but really loves Mel—naturally, since he happens to be Towne's alter ego.

Reviewers have complained about the opacity of the crime plot, which also involves Raul Julia as a Mexican police chief who's not what he seems to be, and J. T. Walsh as a smug fed trying to bust the L.A. cocaine traffickers but mostly getting into Kurt's hair; in this kind of movie it is always the feds who are the real heavies, what with parlor-leftist filmmakers flaunting their *bona fides*. Rather more opaque, however—not to say thick—are the supposedly sophisticated main characters. When such films were based on the novels of Raymond Chandler,

Dashiell Hammett, and their likes, and when the Production Code compelled filmmakers to use subtly suggestive means to convey sex and depravity, the *film noir* glowed like a black diamond.

Towne, however, despite *Shampoo* and *Chinatown*, isn't quite that sophisticated. We get a lot of huffing and puffing from the three stars, and a good deal of fairly explicit sex: welterweight between Russell and Miss Pfeiffer, real heavyweight between Gibson and Miss Pfeiffer. Russell I find rather beefy and boorish; Gibson is more elegant, though still not up to that Gable-Grant-Bogart talent for making catgut dialogue sound like heavenly fiddling. Miss Pfeiffer, with her troublingly irregular upper lip, is nevertheless the best-looking younger star we have, and her acting, though not stellar, is sedulous enough. Even so, Raul Julia, who is not meant to, comes off best.

But there is overindulgence everywhere, as when a longish dramatic exchange between Russell and Gibson is shot by the gifted but pretentious cinematographer Conrad Hall against a sunset achingly dissolving into night, with God and the filter-laden camera vying to put on the kind of light-show that beggars all sound and sense.

MICHELLE PFEIFFER, out of her element, her upswept hairdo undercutting her looks, her earnestly delivered dialogue ringing ever so slightly cracked in her mouth, is nonetheless the best thing about the appalling *Dangerous Liaisons*. Choderlos de Laclos's novel is one of the most awesome books ever written, and my respect for it is limitless; Christopher Hampton's sophomoric stage adaptation showed little true understanding for the geometry of its design, the icy purity of its language, and the absolute decorum of its evil, inserting, instead, giggly prurience and all sorts of anachronisms and trendy irrelevancies. Of course, over and above the fact that a great fiction does not lend itself to either the stage or the screen, *Les Liaisons dangereuses*, by being an epistolary novel, makes transposition even harder. The movie version, written by Hampton and directed by Stephen Frears (*My Beautiful Laundrette*, *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*), makes a stab at the epistolary but promptly gives up on it.

The main difference—among so

many devastating ones—between novel and film is that in Lacos everything is supremely beautiful except the souls of the two principals, the Marquise de Merteuil and the Vicomte de Valmont. In the film, not even the stiltedly British intonations of Glenn Close's obviously disingenuous Merteuil or the vulgar Chicago accent of John Malkovich's Valmont can pass muster, let alone these actors' appearances. Miss Close (pregnant during the shooting) looks like an albino Indian head on top of a pile of melting wax—pale wax with an archipelago of freckles on its billows. Malkovich has a snub nose, receding hairline, petulant gaze, breathy-whiny voice, and bandy legs that don't know how to walk in period clothes. Merteuil, in short, is a saccharine harri-dan, and Valmont seems to be his own valet. As for Uma Thurman's Cécile, she is an overgrown, gangly, goofy English barmaid.

Similar uglification befalls almost every aspect of the film, from the modernized and tarted-up language to Valmont's shooing away Mme. de Volanges (Swoosie Kurtz, suffering from advanced hebétude) by hissing at her like some barnyard fowl. In his play, Hampton invented the coarse business of having Valmont write an ardent love letter to the virtuous Mme. de Tourvel (Miss Pfeiffer) using a whore's bare arse for *escritoire*; in the movie, he doubles the cheapness by also having Cécile, in bed with Valmont, write a love letter to her chaste *soupirant* on Valmont's naked back. By way of ultimate authenticity, Malkovich speaks of Miss Close as "Madam de Mairtooe."

Fears has no sense of eighteenth-century painting in his compositions, or music in his rhythms. The film's concluding scenes are rushed through in unseemly hugger-mugger. When, at the end, Mme. de Merteuil is supposed to look unspeakably disfigured, she looks no worse than Miss Close did all along. When Valmont announces the surrender of his prime victim, Malkovich shouts, "Success! Success!" as he bounds up the Marquise's staircase—something totally out of character. To show his refinement, the Chicagoan says "appressiate"—but also pronounces the *h* in "dishonest."

The film is visually exquisite thanks to good costume design, a fine French château and gardens, and Philippe Rousselot's lyrical cinematography. But

all this serves merely to underscore the sleaziness of the writing, acting, and directing.

WORKING GIRL is an updated, toughened-up version of the hoary tale of the honest office girl who makes good and, in the old version, ends up marrying the boss. Now she has to be a bit bad in order to make out—but bad only in self-defense against the new-style boss, a piranha of a woman executive. And the fellow she ends up with is an investment banker faintly tarnished himself, but also in a nice way: not so much tarnish as patina. Kevin Wade, the scenarist, supplies some funny lines in the manner of his off-Broadway plays; Mike Nichols directs, but with not enough of his on-Broadway slickness. A capable cast drawn from the New York stage helps. California, though, provides Melanie Griffith as the winning heroine, and Harrison Ford as the hero, not quite at home in Wall Street garb. Sigourney Weaver is splendid as the Poison Ivy League boss.

The camera work is by the current prestige cameraman (count on Nichols for that), Michael Ballhaus, whose claim to fame is having been Fassbinder's cinematographer. He does clean, correct work, but nothing to justify his becoming the "in" cinematographer. But, then, what ever justified Fassbinder's becoming the "in" filmmaker? □

DELECTATIONS

BRITISH DAYS, BULGARIAN NIGHTS

Nika Hazelton

AS I LAY on my couch in a vacant mood after having dreamt up the new Delectations contest [see next page], what danced before my eyes were not the daffodils envisioned by Wordsworth, but the writings of Mr. Digby Anderson of the London *Spectator*. Mr. Anderson, whose *Book of Imperative Cooking* (Harrap, £9.95)—an expanded collection of his *Spectator* columns—I received on no fewer than three separate occasions, is as well known for his prose as for his subject, which amounts to a return to

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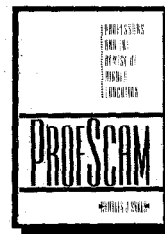
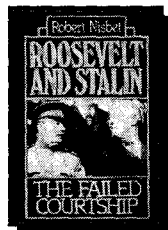
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old-fashioned cooking methods and meticulously careful shopping. This is "conservative cooking" in two senses—cooking that is traditional (although tradition alone is not enough, as in the case of some of those horrid puddings handed down by generations of cooks in public-school kitchens), and cooking by a political conservative:

Following a bleating piece in one newspaper about students starving because they only had twenty-odd pounds a week to spend on food, I listed, in detail, menus showing how one could have three meals a day, including a five-course dinner, for under £13 a week. I was deluged with angry letters from students. My recipes demanded cooking skills and effort. Did I seriously expect university students to learn how to cook and make an effort to do so? Why, they had better things to do. They were studying.

It is sad that when state schooling costs over £15,000 and involves 15,000 hours, students have not learned to cook before they arrive at university. Shortly after they leave, I gather, many will set up homes and themselves raise and, presumably, feed families. Then they will also be busy. I can think of no better time for them to learn than while at university. Indeed, I would refuse a degree to anyone who reached that age without being able to serve a decent dinner. If the educated classes can't set an example, can we blame the lower classes for cooking, or rather heating, and eating soggy chips and providing ideological fodder for radical lady sociologists?

While I fully approve of Mr. Anderson's aims, I do think that his instructions for shopping are better suited to England than to the United States (an opinion shared by my au-

gust, Anglophile editor in New York)—and sometimes they're extreme even for England:

The British are so ignorant about food that many excellent ingredients can be obtained cheaply or even free at shops: liver, kidney, sweetbreads, brains, melts, pig's feet, or white-fish heads for fish soup. Despite repeated publicity given this fact, throughout increasing unemployment and supposedly increasing poverty, the relative price of these items has, if anything, fallen. Last, food goes through several hands before reaching the shop customer, particularly if processed. Cooks on a restricted budget must cultivate the cheaper sources of supply early in the process. These points are well exemplified in the case of hare.

Shoot the hare in the head. . . .

But even when I am dismayed by his sentiments, I do very much approve of his means of expressing them.

By now it was getting dark, and my musings turned to the number of yogurts available in my supermarket, which is by no means a high-class one. What I find odd is that such a wide range of people eat yogurt, which I think of as a fairly specialized taste. But what kind of yogurt do they eat? I was told many years ago that Dannon yogurt only took off when the company came out with a fruit-flavored version; it appears that Dannon is still the best-selling yogurt in our neighborhood, either plain or with fruit. I wonder also why most yogurts in this country are pudding-like confections (are they meant to serve as dessert?), much thicker than European varieties. I do know that frugal souls make their own yogurts, or cut their

own fruit into the plain yogurt they buy. But I am unable to relate to those more thrifty than I.

It was getting time to cease these reveries, I told myself. But, dismissing my ramblings, I could not help thinking of the yogurt I ate on a mountain pass in Bulgaria years ago. It was wonderful in flavor and texture, and I could see why male Bulgarians are said to be able to beget children at the age of 105. Or so my mother said; she, however, did not like either Bulgarians or yogurt. □

THE GIMLET EYE

DANCING GAYS

D. Keith Mano

HERE I AM, passing for homosexual at a Columbia first-Friday gay-lesbian dance. Haven't felt quite so uncomfortable since *Playboy* made me wear drag down Main Street in Provincetown. Earl Hall—center for the other campus religions as well—is just about sold out on a bitter, sleety night. I'd shove through this mob, but I'm afraid someone might think I was getting fresh. My gendernal compass is demagnetized: a clergy conference or two aside, I've never been around so many men whose motto was "*Vive la similité*." There are lesbians also (about one for every three dozen gay males) and all that wasted female talent can depress me. These young people seem particularly bright and intense. It's a national disaster that they've climbed out of the gene pool. But, worse yet, someone might recognize me. I'll be barred from the Columbia football locker room.

My first article assignment for *NR*, 16 or 17 years ago, was "Coming Out at Columbia." Gay people, back then, were maneuvering to secure lounge space on campus—after all, a considerable precinct had already been set aside (and segregated, liberal-style) for the black faction. At that time I wrote: "As goes Columbia—by 1980 there will be a gay lounge in every college in the land." Not what you'd call a vatic breakthrough, that prediction. "By general consensus GPC [Gay People at Columbia] has improved the historically poor morale of

The Great New Delectations Contest

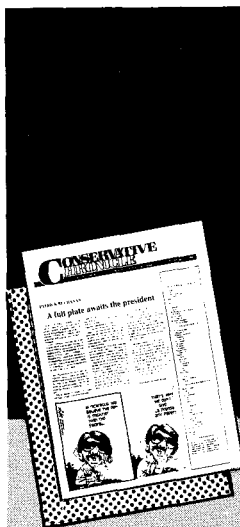
CONTESTANTS are asked to write, as briefly as possible, two answers each to these two questions: "What do I want most in this world?" and "What do I like least in this world?" As usual, mentions of sex, religion, and money are utterly *verboten*, as is any mention of *NR* personnel. Answers can be as whimsical as desired, however—e.g., "I dislike glowworms, because I do not see why any living thing should glow in the dark"; "I would like to be an octopus because I like wearing shoes." And, if you wish, you may answer on behalf of some well-known person, actual or fictional.

As usual, three prizes and a booby prize are offered for the lucky winners. Entries will be judged by Bill Buckley, Priscilla Buckley, Linda Bridges, and Nika Hazelton. Entries must be postmarked by March 3; please address them to Delectations Contest, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. So enter now, and you may win a prize (apart from lots of kudos)!

gays on campus." Morale, this winter night in 1989, would seem to be just fine. There is some sense of cultural status now. Gayness, through those years, has been pretty generally acknowledged as a strange, but ineluctable, glitch in the human condition.

Being gay is both hard and dangerous. I gaze out at the floor and remind myself that there are two heartbroken parents for each dancer, just about. That for each—even in this hipper, more supportive time—there was a traumatic "coming out" experience: when he and he and he looked at himself and saw someone who could never accept the social and biological norm. I doubt, moreover, if most heterosexuals realize just how frantic and perilous gay life can be, even *without* sexually transmitted disease. The bar scene, for instance, has always been harrowing and bizarre. Last August I asked my unisex hairdresser why he was so listless. Oh, he had been cruising in a dark warehouse by the river last night. This gay leather gang beat him up—he escaped, barely, by jumping into the Hudson. But they wouldn't let him shinny out. So he spent six long hours draped over a log in mid river. And had to walk across the West Side Highway at 5 A.M. Nude. Do you part your hair on the right or on the left?

In that complex syndrome known as homosexuality there has been, since day one, a powerful strain of violence—derived from self-hatred, frustration, something. Whereas heterosexual S&M fantasies almost never lead to serious physical damage (why maim a useful partner?), homosexual S&M can be positively vicious. Read the popular gay magazine *Drummer*, and your neck hair will get an erection. Personal advertisements, many hundreds of them, offer and beg for: fisting, piercing, branding, catheter play, scrotum filling, even castration (while they simultaneously insist on "safe sex" and "nonsmokers"). There is also considerable fascination with the "daddy" figure: an older man to dominate or be dominated by. "Need master daddy who will put me in diapers." "Want to worship dad, but also dominate him." This phenomenon (I can imagine no heterosexual parallel) has not been extensively studied. It is commonplace, in psychoanalytical literature, to encounter the strong, disabling mother. The weak or absent father has appar-



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ently inspired a savage, active Oedipal antagonism that deserves at least as much attention.

This daddy, meanwhile, is forcing himself to socialize. I smile at, then sit beside an attractive Oriental youth—whose pupils instantly sphincter down to BB shot. His face isn't inscrutable at all: "Uh-oh, here comes another old

rice queen" is written right across it. Our talk will be both polite and excruciating: mere conversational velleities feel charged with sleaze. And, to me, that would seem the most unfortunate aspect of homosexual metabolism. Every interchange between men (as between hetero men and women) is both heightened and diminished by

some sensual resonance. Male-bond relationships—sexually neuter, competitive, buy-me-another-round convivial—can never be pure for gay men.

I look toward the dance floor again. Gay men seem, yes, taller. (I've read somewhere that hormones associated with growth and those associated with homosexuality are similar. Maybe, a

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IN HIS INTRODUCTION to *Far Left of Center: The American Radical Left Today* (Transaction Books, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N.J. 08903; \$29.95), Professor Harvey Klehr gives as one of his reasons for writing this book the fact that many of the extremist organizations he reports on camouflage their views, while on occasion "prominent individuals" confer a patina of respectability on them (as Mrs. Jimmy Carter did with regard to the People's Temple) either by associating with or praising their activities; the result being that unsuspecting individuals are drawn into their clutches. In the case of many of these groups, the only way in which ordinary citizens could happen upon them would be by falling through a manhole in one of our larger cities. Others of these organizations, however, live very much streetside existences, walking about, respectably dressed, in the full light of day. Beyond wishing to issue a caveat to the unwary, Klehr has it in mind to fill an informational niche. Though histories of radical groups have been written by such respected writers as Theodore Draper, Irving Howe, and Lewis Coser, almost no attention has been devoted to the radical Left of the 1980s—a decade that has not provided "good years for radicals in the United States or . . . in the democratic world," and in which many people have assumed their disappearance from the American scene. Klehr's message is: They're still out there.

For example: It will come as a surprise to many readers to learn that "the FBI . . . estimated that [Communist Party] membership was around 4,200 in 1975. Party sources told a reporter from one radical publication in 1983 that membership was at its highest level in years—ten thousand." Much of this growth was the direct result of an Extraordinary Party Con-

ference held in 1982 (and deliberately modeled on a similar conference held in 1933), in the aftermath of which a thousand new members were recruited. Moreover, "In the last decade the CPUSA has made modest strides in the labor movement. One of its longtime front organizations, the Labor Research Association, has played a key role in this emergence. . . . the LRA has been able in recent years to attract leading trade unionists to its dinners and conferences"—e.g., the banquet it held in December 1982 to honor the Congressional Black Caucus, which was attended by eight hundred people including six congressmen, six New York State legislators, and three city-council members, and at which thirty unions were represented. On the foreign-policy side, the United States Peace Council (founded in 1978 as the American branch of the World Peace Council, "one of the largest and most active of Soviet front groups") has been at work, most notoriously on behalf of the nuclear-freeze movement. The WPC itself is composed of Communists and non-Communists, and has made places for several Americans on its international directorates; the Reverend Ralph Abernathy, former head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, is a President of Honor.

Professor Klehr brings us up to date on the activities of various radical splinter groups descended from the Trotskyist and Maoist parties that flourished in a glare of publicity during the 1960s, but whose memberships now rank in the low hundreds; among these are the New Democratic Movement, the Progressive Labor Party (one of whose most notorious contemporary affiliates is the horrendous International Committee against Racism, or InCar), and the Socialist Workers Party. On the basis of Klehr's evidence, it is clear that such picturesque relics offer

principally a visual assault to neighborhood eyes on a warm day in spring. The main threat—above even that of the CPUSA—comes from what Klehr describes as the "broader, non-Communist radical Left milieu," which, "without being [composed of] Communist fronts . . . [has], at the least, friendly relations with the newly invigorated Communist Party. [It] cooperates with it, participates in united fronts with [it] and its front groups, and welcomes Communists into [its] own ranks." Within its ambiance are the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador, Clergy and Laity Concerned, Mobilization for Survival, and, perhaps most notoriously, the National Lawyers Guild (which is a Communist front group). These groups, in essence successors—the NLG excluded—to the New Left, are potentially far more dangerous than "the Movement" of the 1960s and early '70s ever was.

Far Left of Center was written too late to include material pertinent to Jesse Jackson's dramatic bid for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1988; however, it is sufficiently rich in data pertaining to the election of 1984 to give us full insight into the nature of his Rainbow Coalition, which, Klehr shows plainly, is the alembic that distills the contemporary American Left within a single fuming vat. With hardly an exception, from the CPUSA to CISPES, its components repose their hopes in Reverend Jackson and his movement, which has succeeded to the point of persuading people who had long refused to cooperate with the national parties to accommodate their activities to "mainstream" politics. That the Democratic Party came close last year to selecting its national candidate from this cosmic umbrella group should give us all pause for thought. □

little late for me, height is being bred out of the genetic material.) Tall and quite trim: natty-waisted. Gay men, I suspect, take better care of their physical plant—for them sexual success is more dependent on looks. Hetero men can be vain, but they don't advertise their equipment as conscientiously. While women (in America at least) display the way gay men do, it is thought improper for a girl to notice male equipment. Hetero men, therefore, do not develop mating stances. On the dance floor even "discreet" gay men have loud body language: chest out, arm open, contrapposto. In fact, homosexuality and narcissism are interwoven. This dynamic is circular, of course—but gay men, I reckon, are gay in part because other gay men alone will respond with enthusiasm to the way they look. No matter who his love object may be, a gay man really wishes he could seduce and conquer himself.

But where, between brain and gonad, did the brilliant contribution to our culture—in art, in style—begin forming? Was it chemical, environmental, or some side-effect of that ironic defensive posture all deviants assume? Whatever: take one hundred gay men and one hundred hetero men at random, give them an IQ test (or your living room to decorate), and the gay men will score higher every time. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

George Macdonald: Scotland's Beloved Storyteller, by Michael R. Phillips (Bethany House, 400 pp., \$14.95)

HAVING CAREFULLY edited a dozen of George Macdonald's novels into works more accessible to the modern reader, Michael Phillips has now published a biography of Macdonald himself, the literary figure G. K. Chesterton called "one of the three or four greatest men of the nineteenth century." Macdonald exercised a direct influence on many notable authors, especially the Oxford Inklings, through such works of fiction and poetry as *Phantastes*, *Lilith*, and "The Golden Key." Yet relatively few readers nowadays are familiar with him, and this Phillips has sought to remedy. In this new and thorough biography, Macdon-

ald's early life, education, marriage, truncated Christian ministry, literary career, and death are handled in a crisp, matter-of-fact manner sprinkled with interesting anecdotes. At one point, for instance, the reader is directed to the little-known story of Macdonald's friendship with Mark Twain, and of the two writers' agreed-upon, but never consummated, collaborative novel. Surely this would have been one of the oddest literary partnerships in British-American history: Twain, throughout his life a rough-edged, militant skeptic and cynic; and Macdonald, to the bitter end a devout and (by all accounts) godly man. Phillips has produced a fine biography of the man Madeleine L'Engle called "the grandfather of us all—all of us who struggle to come to terms with truth through imagination."

JAMES E. PERSON JR.

Broken Alliance: The Turbulent Times between Blacks and Jews in America, by Jonathan Kaufman (Scribner's, 311 pp., \$19.95)

IT IS PART of twentieth-century American mythology that once upon a time blacks and Jews were allies as close as the United States and England during World War II—that blacks and Jews had a natural empathic relationship and that, together, they would create a brighter tomorrow in which each day would begin with the nation singing "We Shall Overcome." The historical reality of black-Jewish relations is far more complex. In *Broken Alliance*, Jonathan Kaufman attempts to describe that complexity by dividing the history of black-Jewish relations into three phases—"Cooperation," "Confrontation," and "Competition and Conflict"—presenting under each heading the biographical portrait of a black and a Jew who were emblematic of that phase. In his introduction, Kaufman says his intention is to create "a tapestry that evokes a coalition that came together, worked great change, and then began to fall apart. One goal

of all these chapters has been to allow people to speak for themselves and describe events as they saw them." Oddly, that is precisely what Kaufman does not allow. He summarizes what his informants told him and seldom permits them to speak directly in their own voices. Thus everyone sounds alike, because everyone speaks through Kaufman. While he seeks to place his story within a wider historical context by interspersing quotes from presidential addresses, as well as from speeches by Jesse Jackson, Louis Farrakhan, Martin Luther King Jr., and many others over the past forty years, what is missing is a broader look at the history of black-Jewish relations. This book's very title, *Broken Alliance*, indicates that Kaufman is convinced that an alliance between blacks and Jews once existed. That cannot be denied, but what can be disputed is what that alliance meant to each group and whether it was the only relationship they shared. Even a cursory look at the history of the relations between them indicates that black-Jewish antagonisms have existed in black urban areas since the Depression. Kaufman seems unwilling to face the fact that Jews care about black-Jewish relations infinitely more than blacks do. When so many Jews insist on clinging to the hope for a renewed alliance, one must ask if some of them are not seeking their own identity in what they perceive as the persecution of blacks. It is a question Kaufman does not ask, and I wish he had.

JULIUS LESTER

GOLDMAN

(Continued from page 31)

of repentance from the fashionable salons of Paris to Abraham's bosom.

Nonetheless, rock's ranks continue to swell. It continues to breed new addicts. And why not? Look at what it promises: eternal youth, bliss, happiness, fulfillment for a terminally empty soul. And of course these are lies—but they're lies that man has been buying ever since Eve took the serpent at his word.

Fundamentalist gibberish? Paranoid ravings? Let me ask you one thing. If this stuff isn't the Devil's music—what is? Except that the Devil himself, faced by the average heavy-metaler, might well claim to be a relatively innocent bystander. □



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SINGLE ATLANTA MAN (Northerner), 40, loyal, idealistic, hardworking (M.D.), yet playful and nice-looking, with strong interests in literature, movies, and the outdoors: seeks woman counterpart for best-friendship, then marriage. P.O. Box 14481, Atlanta, Ga. 30324.

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

WILLIAM SAFIRE:

They Blink

I think the key in forcing [Arafat] to act was the denial of his visa to the United States. That was an action that brought almost universal denunciation upon Shultz's head, but one that carried more weight than any form of cajoling or persuasion.

CONSERVATIVE, YOUTHFUL, early 40s, tired of batching, never married. Interests include painting, fine arts, Flannery O'Connor, old houses, gourmet cooking, Sunny South. Seeks lady, 20-40, preferably never married, willing to place home and family first. Traditional values and total honesty appreciated. Photo, please. NR Box 6124.

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BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, PROFESSIONAL, 39, 6'0", staunchly orthodox Catholic, seeks very placid, slim, never-married, and devoutly Catholic young lady, 26-36. Interests: Rosary, pro-life activities, and pre-Vatican II theology. NR Box 6141.

NEW YORK MAN, 42, aspiring writer currently aspiring to television writing. Present occupation: manager in the business office of a local college. Interests include rock music, geopolitics, military affairs, stimulating conversation. Enjoys the city for its bookstores and libraries. Seeks attractive, literate woman. NR Box 6138.

L.A.-AREA Y--IE, 29, Christian, conservative, reasonably handsome. Enjoys politics, writing, bridge, chili. Looking to meet a young woman of good humor to share the good and interesting times to come. NR Box 6144.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA lady: divorced, 40s, unencumbered, attractive, athletic. Seeks gentleman with sense of humor who is looking for a great companion for sports, cooking, travel, theater. Photo please. NR Box 6135.

Miscellaneous

WANTED: POSTERS, PRINTS, or photographs of Presidents McKinley through Hoover, in or out of office. Write NR Box 6127.

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NR makes an ideal gift for hard-to-please people—it's a year-long reminder of your interest (not to mention an indication that you think they are interesting people too). Again, don't forget the young people you care about: conservative ideas are back in style on the campus, so NR ought to be doubly welcome now.

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A FAREWELL TO THE REAGANS

NEW YORK, JAN. 16

THE PORTRAIT of Ronald and Nancy Reagan done by Mike Wallace for *60 Minutes* was their *envoi* to the Republic on their Presidency (and this is mine to them).

The whole thing seems a cheerful mix of nostalgia and ephemera, but the portrait was genuine and will be studied (or should be) by future biographers. What will Nancy miss the most about the White House? (Long pause. Furrowed brow. Let me see, now. She looks up, as though she had discovered the key to world peace.) "I'll miss—if you want a plumber, you've got a plumber."

And Ron-baby. "An old friend of yours told us that when you get the papers in the morning the first thing you read is the funny pages, then the sports pages, and then you get to the serious stuff. True?" (Hard, attentive look. He might have been asked whether he would give up SDI in return for a 50 per cent reduction in Soviet ICBMs.) "No, it's really from the funny pages to the serious stuff without the sports pages in between. I haven't got time for those any more." The burdens of office. The net effect of it is not to stimulate in the viewer contempt for such habits, but a very bad conscience for those of us who are missing out on the funny pages. It's there that the day-to-day character of American thought is most vividly transcribed, the President seems to be telling us, without being didactic about it.

He goes on. "I'm a voracious reader. My idea of Hades" (note, not his idea of "hell": this is the President who once spoke of being up to his "keister") "would be to be in a hotel room and not have a book to read." "What are you reading now?" The audience expects to hear him say, oh, *Being and Nothingness*, or maybe *The Critique of Pure Reason*. He tells us, "George Burns's story about Gracie." Ronald Reagan would not engage in affectation to storm the gates of heaven.

What about the charge that your Administration has been indifferent to the problems of racism? Why, racism—all forms of prejudice—was the most despicable of sins in his family when he was growing up. "But many black leaders charge you with it?" The shrewd Ronald

Reagan takes this on. "Sometimes I wonder if they really want what they say they want, because some of those leaders are doing very well." Translation: Some black leaders have a vested interest in the stimulation of complaints about racism. That statement is as true as it is that some people in fact live off the high incidence of cancer. . . . Well, but who, exactly, are you talking about? Jesse Jackson? RR will go only so far. "You name the names. I won't."

What about his reaction to Gorbachev? "Well, I'll tell you. My people said if we could leave Geneva with one more summit scheduled, that would make Geneva a success. So when we all gathered for the meeting, I said to him, Let's take a walk, and we went down to a kind of beach house by the lakeshore. I said, You know, we don't mistrust each other because we're armed, we're armed because we mistrust each other. And then I said, You've never been in America, and he said, You've never been in Russia. So I said, Will you come to America for the next summit? And he said, Yes, I agree. And then he said, And the following year, you'll come to Moscow? And I said, I agree. When I got back and told our people we had just arranged for two more summits, they couldn't believe it."

Did he think there was a spiritual side to Gorbachev? "Well, he used the word God a lot and I wondered about that, but I checked with our people and they said that it was just a figure of speech, you know, God with a small g."

This didn't surprise Nancy. She went on to say later in the interview that Raisa Gorbachev was a "dedicated Marxist." Had there been tension between her and Raisa? Well, "she was as nervous as I was." What was Nancy's happiest day during the Presidency? "The day Ronnie left the hospital." Nancy's hand glides over, and rests now over his. What was the President's happiest time? "The day Nancy left the hospital." And that reminded him of something Clark Gable once said, that there is nothing more wonderful for a man than to know as he approaches his own door that someone on the other side of the door is listening for the sound of his footsteps.

No farewell to the Reagans could more appropriately close than by quoting the final paragraphs of Whittaker Chambers's *Witness*:

"One of the tenderest of Greek fables

tells how the gods decided to go down to the earth as beggars to try the charity of men. The god Hermes, clad in rags, knocked at many prosperous doors and was driven from each. Toward evening, he came to the meanest door of all, a mere hut, where two old people, Philemon and Baucis, his wife, tended a few vines and milked their goats. Hermes knocked there. Because his need touched them, the old people took him in. They shared their meal with him, and, at night, let him sleep on the floor before their fire, trusting to their poverty and their age to prevent any harm that the beggar might intend.

"In the morning, Hermes asked each of the old people to name his most secret wish, supposing that it would be for longer life, gold, or great flocks. The dearest wish of each turned out to be the same—that both might die, as they had lived, together, that neither might die first, for neither could endure to face what remained of a life that would be unendurable without the other.

"The god, now gleaming through his rags, raised his staff—the caduceus with the twined snakes, interlacing good and evil. Where Philemon and Baucis had stood, two trees rustled up whose branches met and touched when the wind blew." □

MR. FAST EXPLAINS

NEW YORK, JAN. 27

NOTHING FRIGHTENS the Choicers more than the thought of the Supreme Court's having another look at *Roe v. Wade*. The ACLU has been taking out full-page ads urging readers to write to the Attorney General pleading with him not to engage the attention of the Court on the decision. Obviously such agitation would not be required if the Choicers were absolutely confident of the constitutional reasoning in *Roe v. Wade*. If someone proposed outlawing free speech, it isn't likely that much money could be raised to persuade the Attorney General please not to make the case before the Court against free speech. The fact of the matter is very plain, only we aren't encouraged to say it. It is that *Roe v. Wade* was a lousy decision, perhaps even an indefensible act of constitutional excogitation, and the Choicers know they are safest by not asking the Court to look

again at this century's version of the *Dred Scott* decision.

Now what the court does about *Roe v. Wade* will not, in the judgment of serious folk, save a single doomed fetus. If *Roe v. Wade* were removed entirely from the books, returning to the states the right to make their own laws, said states would almost without exception continue to license abortion—for the simple reason that the mood of the people has changed since the days when they proscribed abortion. The majority have talked themselves into believing that a woman has no greater responsibility for the life of an unborn child than she has for the life of a tomato. It won't be until there is a great change in public sentiment that abortionists will gradually run out of clients.

But the arguments leveled against the Lifers are nicely harnessed by, of all people, Mr. Howard Fast, writing in the *New York Observer*. Howard Fast introduces only a single autobiographical line into his column. He says, "I have been active in one part and another of the peace movement over the past forty years." Now, 1989 minus forty equals 1949. In 1949, Howard Fast was the true Stalinist Stakhanovite, writing not only newspaper articles defending Moscow but also infusing Marx into American history, as in his effort (*Citizen Tom Paine*) to make Tom Paine more of a comrade than he really was. Now to be sure, Fast repudiated Stalin when Khrushchev did, and perhaps believes today that the cold war is over, which one supposes would make him a Reaganite.

But Mr. Fast is enraged by the Lifers and uses an argument we hear increasingly: The Lifers can't be sincere in their concern for life. Why? Because their movement ends with the birth of the child. They aren't there to oppose capital punishment, AIDS, stomach cancer, or terrorism in Central America. "I have never heard a right-to-life voice raised in protest against the sixty thousand innocents murdered by the death squads of El Salvador."

This failed attempt at logic suggests that no cause can be considered discretely. You cannot say, "Let's help the ailing farmer" unless you also say "and the ailing zoo-keeper and the ailing coalminer." You can't organize to defend the freedom to travel without simultaneously organizing to defend the freedom to die. Or, I guess—Mr. Fast has always confused me about freedom—the freedom not to die.

The Lifers are, by Mr. Fast and others who think as he does, encumbered by the responsibility for everything that happens to the fetus after it materializes into a human being in the eyes of the law. And if you aren't around to see to it that at age 14 the kid is receiving the right education, ingesting the right foods, leading a happy, prosperous life, why, you had no business bringing him into this world. You are a

hypocrite to the extent that you support life for everyone who suffers. It is only left for Mr. Fast to close the logic of his own argument, which would involve him in a syllogistic attempt along the lines of:

Everyone alive suffers.

Suffering is bad.

Therefore, no one should live.

In a free world, you can care greatly for baseball and not at all for hockey. You can love the Rolling Stones and hate Bach and, while you're at it, you can go to hell. To decry the extermination of an unborn child doesn't require you to oppose hanging Adolf Eichmann. □

ON THE NUCLEAR ENERGY FRONT

NEW YORK, JAN. 13

PASCO, WASHINGTON. The caller wanted to know when I planned to leave town. "Tomorrow morning." "That's good. Then they'll stop persecuting us dissidents. It's like Nazi America here." Welcome to Pasco, the tri-city area in southeast Washington, home of the Hanford nuclear reactor complex [see also p. 42], where 45 years ago the scientists concocted the special brew needed at Los Alamos to detonate the only extra-divine instrument that ever brought the Emperor Hirohito to his knees. But the reactors here are silent now, silent in part because they have run into problems that shouldn't surprise people who tend complicated machinery 45 years old. But in part also because there is passion in the air. *Time* magazine caught it in a single sentence: "No one knows how many people may have been needlessly afflicted with such ailments as cancer, birth deformities, and thyroid deficiencies—and no one in relevant offices seems to care."

There are roughly three schools of thought. The first, and in a way most persuasive, is the damn-the-torpedoes school. The second says the government is hiding critical data, dodging critical questions. Karen Dorn-Steele of the *Spokane Spokesman-Review* is a nuclear bloodhound. A typical story from her desk: "Melvin McAfee, a Mormon, summed up his thoughts in mid 1986 as he stood in his wheat field five miles from the PUREX (plutonium uranium extraction) plant . . . He has prostate cancer, his wife has thyroid cancer, and two of his four children have thyroid disease. He had just learned that thousands of curies of radioactive iodine had fallen on his and his neighbors' farms since he settled there in the 1950s."

A third school is of the kind that never engages the mind. These are Nader types, who would destroy the wheel if they could, and fancy that sitting-in to prevent the continued manufacture of nuclear weap-

ons (they age at the rate of 5 per cent per year, needing shots of fresh tritium even as car tires need air) contributes to something other than Gulag.

Michael Fox is a scientist who is scornful of the notion that the government has singled out the communities surrounding nuclear reactors for victimization. "What is an acceptable risk? Why is it that 45,000 deaths per year, two million injuries per year, and billions of dollars in hospital bills and property damage per year is an acceptable cost to American society in using automobiles? Why is it that simultaneously in the nuclear industry, with zero deaths and almost zero injuries and almost zero property damage, it remains . . . an unacceptable risk?"

Dr. Fox looks with dismay on the waning public support for nuclear energy. "Natural radiation, according to the National Academy of Science, reduces a life by eight days per lifetime. Medical X-rays have been estimated to reduce a life by six days. With reactor accidents, even the highly critical Union of Concerned Scientists estimates that even if the United States produced 100 per cent of its electricity from nuclear energy, this would result in a mere two days per lifetime lost."

But the most interesting voice in the chorus is that of MIT professor Lawrence Lidsky, who wrote (in *The New Republic*) that the whole country is moving away from nuclear energy. "We thought we had been having a great national debate over nuclear power. Instead, we have merely been discussing the acceptability of the LWR (light-water reactor). But the LWR is no more a surrogate for the potential of nuclear power than the *Hindenburg* was for the potential of air transportation."

THE MISTAKE we are making, says Professor Lidsky, is to persist in the present light-water-reactor architecture. "Reactors can be built today that are able to survive the failure of any single component or any combination of components without fear, indeed without even the possibility, of fuel damage. . . . The key to the new reactors is a radically different fuel form that is capable of withstanding very high temperatures. The reactors are small to ensure that it is physically impossible for such temperatures ever to be achieved. Such reactors . . . can produce electricity at less than one-half the cost of current reactors."

But, he predicts, this is unlikely to come along for twenty years or so: because existing forces stand by their polemical guns. The doubters and the Luddites refuse to move, either their brains or their behinds: they prefer to sit-in, and to not-think. The Establishment says nothing is wrong and nothing should be changed. And meanwhile we flirt with unilateral disarmament and a scarcity of energy. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

SANDY GRADY BARRY AND DRUGS TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

- A. Steerage interloper **S T O W A W A Y**
56 21 44 65 173 122 161 31
- B. Shot and shell **A M M U N I T I O N**
74 84 29 107 95 138 43 16 178 2
- C. Noted congressional act of 1937 **N E U T R A L I T Y**
40 23 114 51 92 68 166 132 12 77
- D. Lynda Bird to Lady Bird **D A U G H T E R**
45 135 143 115 4 123 62 86
- E. Waterloo for Cornwallis **Y O R K T O W N**
101 142 6 28 55 91 163 182
- F. Hungry turkey? **C O B B L E R**
174 64 154 106 119 18 76
- X G. Musical genre **R H A R S O D Y**
100 61 83 139 50 181 129 13
- H. Teacher's pet (2 words) **A P P L É P O L I S**
113 90 127 25 179 159 99 69 1 36
H E R
58 153 15
- I. Military luggage (2 words) **D U F F E L B A G**
17 116 72 67 7 160 81 35 48
- J. Time of innocence **Y O O T H**
162 32 49 168 124
- K. Bidding **B E H I N G**
73 140 22 176 110 52

- L. Aspiration **A M B I T I O N**
155 131 24 11 98 46 121 66
- M. With a beat **R H Y T H M I C**
75 152 80 96 164 146 19 133
- N. Withdrew **R E T R A C T E D**
150 167 144 39 94 10 60 126 141
- O. Marina sight **Y A C H T**
148 79 27 134 151
- P. Curse **A N A T H E M A**
147 20 118 3 34 130 78 145
- Q. Petroleum distillate **N A P H T H A**
120 104 171 53 93 169 30
- R. Yugoslavian region **D A L M A T I A**
157 54 172 89 8 102 165 26
- S. Hate **D E S P I S E**
63 82 47 14 128 108 41
- T. Film the scene again **R E S H O O T**
117 170 97 109 85 71 37
- U. Naive **~~U N W O R N~~ E D L Y**
175 112 137 149 33 70 42 9 59
- V. Authentic **G E N U I N E**
177 125 105 38 111 156 87
- W. Bustle noises **S W I S H E S**
158 57 88 180 103 5 136

change ^S to ^T below

1 H	2 B		3 P	4 D	5 W		6 E	7 I	8 R	9 U		10 N	11 L	12 C	13 G		14 S	15 H	16 B	17 I
I	N		T	H	E		R	E	A	L		C	I	T	M		P	R	I	D
18 F		19 M	20 P		21 A	22 K	23 C		24 L	25 H	26 R	27 O	28 E		29 B	30 Q	31 A	32 J	33 U	
E		I	N		T	H	E		B	L	A	C	K		M	A	Y	O	R	
34 P	35 I	36 H		37 T	38 V	39 N	40 C	41 S	42 U		43 B	44 A		45 D	46 L	47 S	48 I	49 J	50 G	51 C
H	A	S		T	U	R	N	E	D		T	O		D	I	S	G	U	S	T
	52 K	53 Q	54 R	55 E	56 A		57 W	58 H	59 U		60 N	61 G	62 D		63 S	64 F	65 A	66 L	67 I	68 C
	T	H	A	T	S		W	H	Y		T	H	E		D	O	W	N	F	A
69 H	70 U		71 T	72 I		73 K	74 B	75 M	76 F	77 C		78 P	79 O	80 M		81 I	82 S		83 G	
L	L		O	F		B	A	R	R	Y		M	A	Y		B	E		A	
84 B	85 T	86 D	87 V		88 W	89 R	90 H	91 E	92 C	93 Q	94 N	95 B	96 M		97 T	98 L	99 H	100 G	101 E	
M	O	R	E		I	M	P	O	R	T	A	N	T		S	T	O	R	Y	
102R	103W	104Q	105V		106F	107B	108S	109T	110K		111V	112U	113H	114C	115D	116I	117T	118P	119F	
T	H	A	N		B	U	S	H	S		I	N	A	U	G	U	R	A	L	
120Q	121L	122A		123D	124J	125V		126N	127H	128S	129G	130P	131L	132C	133M		134O	135D	136W	
N	O	W		T	H	E		E	P	I	D	E	M	I	C		H	A	S	
137U	138B	139G	140K	141N		142E	143D	144N		145P		146M	147P	148Q	149U	150N		151O	152M	153H
GW	I	R	E	D		O	U	T		A		M	A	Y	O	R		T	H	E
	154F	155L	156V	157R	158W		159H	160I	161A	162J		163E	164M	165R	166C	167N		168J	169Q	170T
	B	A	N	D	S		P	L	A	Y		W	H	I	L	E		T	H	E
	171Q	172R	173A	174F	175U	176K		177V	178B	179H	180W		181G	182E						
	P	L	A	G	U	E		G	O	E	S		O	N						

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. See page 61 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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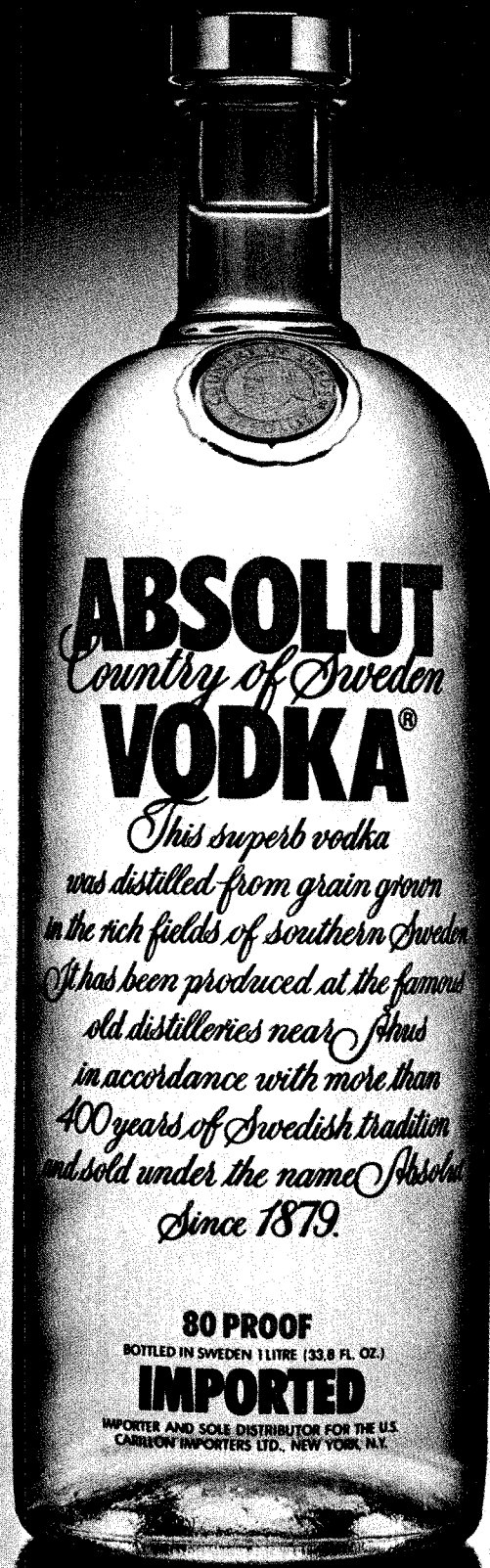
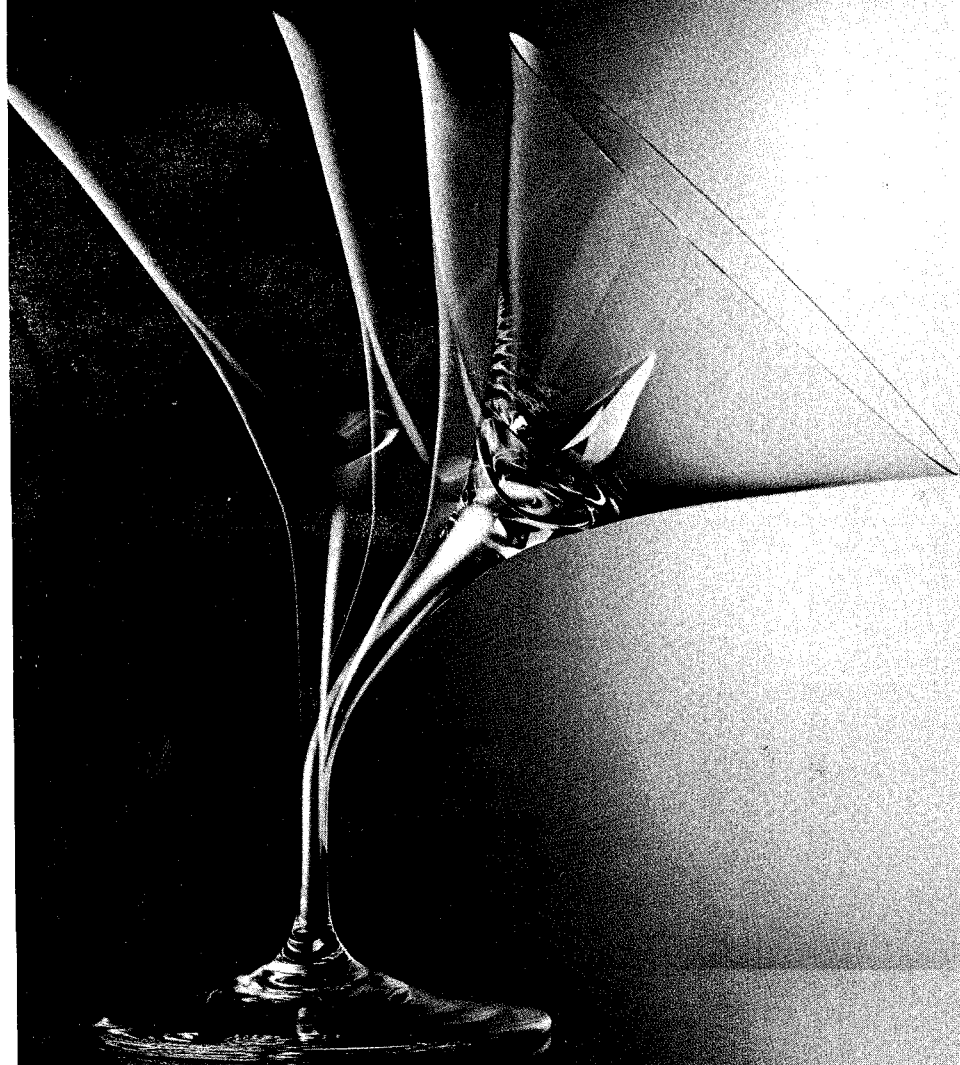


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